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20¢ 25¢ OUT OF TOWN

# WASHINGTON FREE PRESS



# JUST CALL 638-4301

By Walter McGivney

The best thing that can be said about D.C. is that it's a nice place to pass through. The reason for this is because nothing, but absolutely nothing ever seems to happen. You can flag your butt to the coast and get into all kinds of dynamite action, but there is the small problem of a 3,000 mile trip. If you want to hear any good groups, you only have to hop into the old rag and hit New York which is only a few hundred miles. Most people never even question why D.C. is such a bummer city; they just sit back and stare at the plaster falling off the ceiling, and toke up thinking about getting back to the coast, New York, Boston, anywhere but Washington.

Why isn't there anything happening in D.C. ???? The answer, gentle reader, is that there are things happening; they've been happening -- all kinds of good things, but, alas, no one has told you about them. How the hell are you supposed to know that there is free food to be had? crash pads to protect your bod? free furniture? No one ever told you that there are files of free information just for you. Did you know that the next time you break your silver pinky ring you can get it fixed by a genuine Ukranian monk. Like it's night-time and you're worried about the fungus that seems to be dining on your right tit. Well, no problem, you say, I'll just run down to the free Georgetown Clinic, but you're not sure where it's located. You call information; they've never heard of it. You call the 7th Precinct; but they've never heard of it. The wise old desk sergeant tells you to call information. By this time, I hope I have penetrated your fog-filled mind, so that at this very moment you're slobbering all over the page, saying "Where, where do I find out about all this good stuff?"

THE SWITCHBOARD IS HERE, NOW, TODAY. . . . The Switchboard has someone manning its phones 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. It's for YOU. It will find out anything, anything, anything you want to know. Switchboard will help you get together with what is going on. It has a big house where you can do your special digs; it has solid people; it is into everything that is going on. You say you got problems with your parents? Call Switchboard. You got problems with the heat? Call. Wanna talk to someone just for the hell of it? Call. You want to get into a workshop, a seminar? Want to print, photograph, write, broadcast or transmigrate? Call. 638-4301 or roll by 1007 K St., N. W.

# Vagrancy LegAL!

By M. Grossman

The District's general vagrancy law and narcotics vagrancy law were struck down by the U.S. Court of Appeals last month. The effect of the action will be to remove from the police a discretionatory power that has been oft abused in the harrassment of young people and blacks.

Previously police could demand of a person a "good account of himself when found loitering around a public place." The court said that the term "loitering" is "unconstitutionally vague", and that in effect whether one is subject to arrest is totally dependent on the degree to which one's explanation satisfies a police officer.

This law together with the curfew law, which is still good, were used daily on the streets of Georgetown to clear undesireable long-hairs off the streets. Lawyers believe that the curfew law which states that juveniles under 18 must be off the streets between 10 PM and 5 AM is equally unconstitutional. For violation of the law it is the parent who is punished -- $300 or up to 10 years. If any one has been recently charged with this and wishes to challenge its constitutionality, please contact John Karr c/o Free Press. The questionnaire below could be very useful in the preparing of such a case. If you have been harrassed by police, please fill it out and send it to the Free Press.

ANSWER THE QUESTIONNAIRE AS FACTUALLY AND AS COMPLETELY AS POSSIBLE.

1. Give your name and address. (You may remain anonymous if you wish. If you wish to give your name, but wish it held in confidence, please state so. If you are willing to have your name used in public records, please state so.)

2. Give your age.

3. With what frequency have you visited the Dupont Circle and Georgetown areas within the past 6 months?

What time to you normally arrive?

What time do you normally leave?

4. Are you employed?

In what general area of employment?

5. Are you living at home?

For how long have you been living away from home?

6. Have you ever been stopped by police?

_____Questioned?

_____Arrested on a particular charge?

_____Convicted?

7. Was the policeman uniformed or in plain clothes?

8. Was he from a precinct, the tactical force, or a special assignment squad(for example, the narcotics squad)?

a) Did the officers or officer identify themselves as law enforcement officials?

9. What reason did the policeman give for arresting, stopping or questioning you?

a) What were you wearing when you were stopped(type of clothing-straight, school, church, sloppy, etc.)?

b) what response did you give to the policeman's questions? Did you give the policeman your name and address?

10. Were you in a group or by yourself when you were stopped, arrested or questioned?

a) How large was the group?

11. How many policemen were present when you were stopped, questioned or arrested?

12/ Give a brief account of what happened when you were stopped, questioned or arrested, including the date(s), the location(s), the identities of the policemen(or their badge numbers), what the policemen said and did, and how the incident was resolved.

Do you feel that the officers used unnecessary force or in any other way treated you unfairly? Did you assume a hostile attitude toward the police? Please mention any witnesses, if they were present and their names if possible.

PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEETS IF MORE SPACE IS NEEDED

13. Were you presented with a warrant at the time when you were stopped, questioned or arrested?

14. Were you informed of your rights at the time of arrest?

a) Did you ask what your rights were?

b) If you were taken into custody, were you denied legal, medical or other aide within a reasonable amount of time?

15. What establishments do you frequent in the Dupont Circle area and Georgetown?

16. Which area or areas do you frequent most often? Why?

17. Have you ever been in one of these establishments when it was raided or visited by police?

18. What if the police say to you or to others in the establishment when they arrived?

19. Give a brief account of the raid or visit from the time the police arrived until they or you left, including the date(s), the name(s) of the establishment(s), the identities of the policemen (or their badge numbers), what the policemen said and did, what the other people in the establishment said, and and how the raid or visit was resolved. Do you feel that the officers used unnecessary force or in any other way treated you unfairly? Did you, or any member present during the raid or visit, assume a hostile attitude toward the police?

PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEETS IF MORE SPACE IS NEEDED

20- Have you ever been present in an establishment when it was raided or visited by any governmental authorities other than the police? i.e. building, fire, health inspectors. Give a brief account of this, including the material requested in the last question.

21-Are you willing to sign a sworn statement which contains the above answers?

22-Are you willing, if it becomes necessary or desirable to give these answers as testimony in an administartive hearing or in Court?

23-If you are under 18, will your parents permit you to sign a sworn statement or to testify?

# Lennon's Cock Attacked



Gentlemen:

As you know, there has been a great deal of public reaction to the recently-published photographs of John Lennon with his dick hanging out, and the grass-roots movement to circumcise John Lennon is well under weigh and gaining momentum. Several hundred signatures have been procured on petitions which ultimately will be sent to The Beatles, urging that Lennon submit to circumcision, and a fund is being raised which may be used either to defray the cost of the operation or to establish a small shrine to house Lennon's foreskin and other Beatle memorabilia.

You may think this sounds like a joke, because you're stupid, but this is in fact a matter of no small importance. Lennon's nude photograph marks the first time that a charismatic figure of the western world has shown his cock & balls to the people since the masochistic Christ replaced the original one of love and joy, and the time has come to have it out about wienie worship; the whole subject must be thoroughly re-examined in the light of new evidence.

Probably all you've ever thought about circumcision is that "it hurts," or maybe you read where Reich said that the only reason parents have a son circumcised is their unconscious desire to torture him, which may or may not be true but is certainly begging the question, but let me tell you that a tribal custom dating back at least 4,000 years, which is supported by "modern medical science," is not a matter to be disposed of offhand. Perhaps you have heard that circumcision is a surrogate for castration; well, which is better, "Off with his foreskin!" or "Off with his head!"?

The point we are making here, which you do not understand yet, is that what is largely wrong with modern civilization is that charismatic public figures are not responsible in their persons for the mass hysteria that they create... i.e., Richard Nixon ought to be put to stoop labor in a rice paddy in the Viet Nam battle zone for the war and economic depression he will foster, and if John Lennon's fans want his foreskin, they are entitled to have it! The time is ripe for the return of the Golden Age, when, e.g., the Thracian women tore Orpheus to pieces.

Sincerely,
T. Hawkins
Co-chairman
Ad Hoc Committee to Circumcise John Lennon
Box 5645
San Francisco CA 94101

# DOPE ILLEGAL

by Lincoln Pain

There is a rumor about, that if Tim Leary wins his case before the Supreme Court it would abolish Federal grass-tax laws and make turning on in Washington, DC legal, since the District is not a State, and therefore has no State laws covering it. Tain't true, McGee! Our loving town has provided us with plenty of laws against everything except breathing, unless you are breathing dope.

Leary has been busted in Texas and sentenced to 30 years under the Federal laws covering possession, a felony. The statute assumes that anyone who has dope on him knows that it was imported illegally, and therefore has actually broken tax regulations. Leary is fighting on the grounds that the law deprives him of his constitutional right to due process in two ways. The requirement that a person caught with an imported product (grass) be able to produce a tax revenue stamp forces him to incriminate himself under State laws against possession. The Constitution guarantees against self-incrimination.

Congress has also presumed that certain things are commonly known to be imported illegally, and therefore possession of these is also illegal. This is a justifiable presumption for such articles as French perfume and Heroin, but hardly for grass which may well have been picked in Indiana (Indiana Puce?) or elsewhere.

This law is generally used here to get kids to take a deal and plead guilty to the District Code possession law which is easier to prove anyway and is only a misdemeanor. This District statute may be the only possession law here for awhile until Congress writes a stiffer law to replace the Federal law Leary is trying to beat.

There are also laws here covering sale They are very stiff, both under the District Code and Federal law. Two convictions on any of these charges carries very heavy mandatory sentences. It is also unlawful to be in any place which the police consider a public nuisance if dope is found there. This is the last remaining part of the marijuana vagrancy laws which used to make it a crime accompany anyone with dope who had been convicted before.

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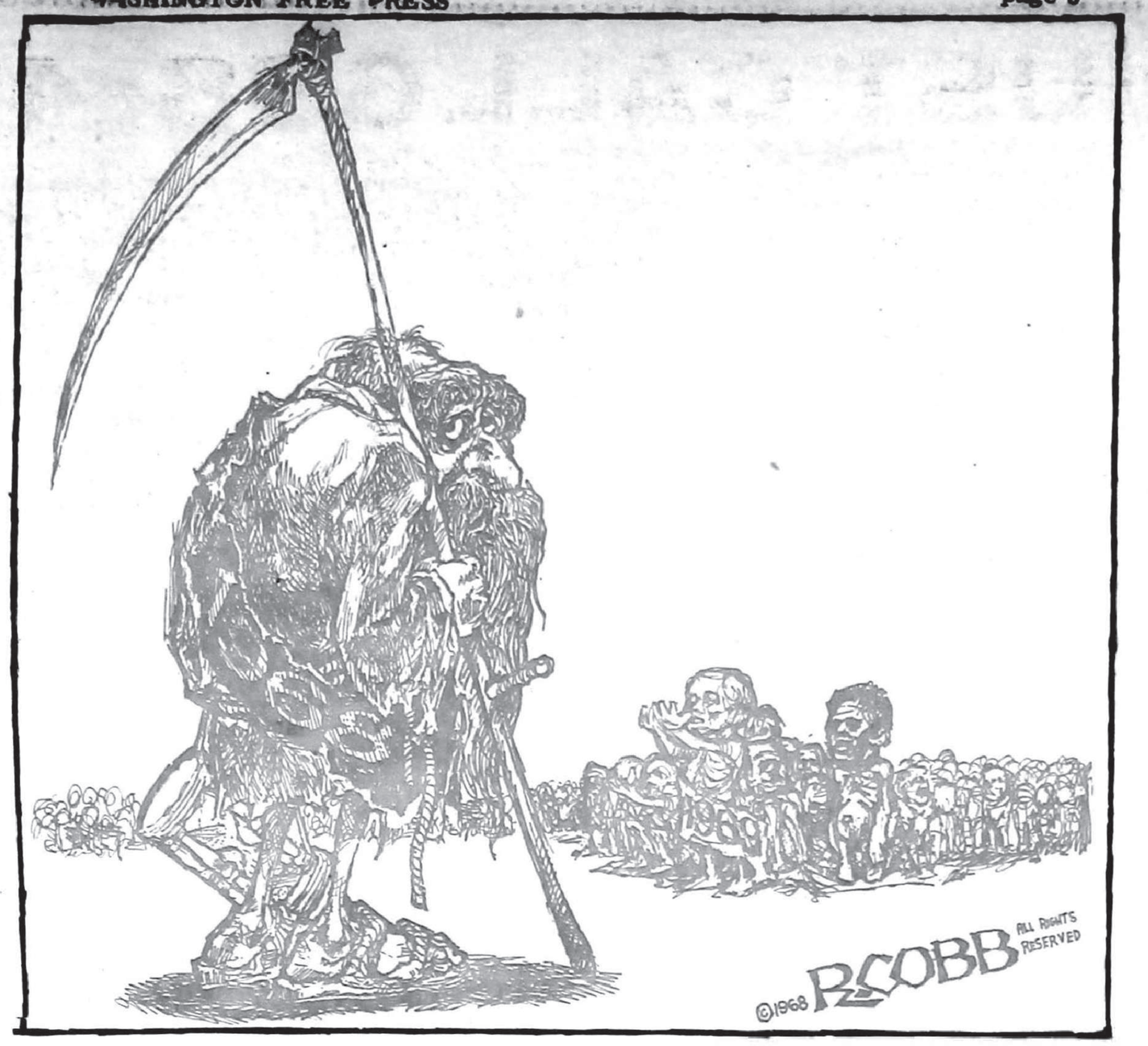
# counter inaugural jan. 18-20

RENNIE DAVIS

Once again, the movement is elbowing its way into a major event of the ruling class -- this time, a Presidential inauguration. Like the Convention in Ch· inauguration is a ritual that r· about and that serves their n· elected President, stepping from the electoral ring, mus establish that he is champ of a even those who bet on the loser. auguration gives a President-elect the crown and the legitimacy a champ should have.

Nixon, who stands for repression, business, anti-Communism, the 50's, Herbert Hoover, and Henry Kissinger, is now looked to as the one to give the rulers a fresh start, heal the wounds, unite the country. The 1969 inauguration theme is unity ("bring us together"). January 20 is designed to imprint on the American mind that no one should criticize Nixon in this period of national grace while he gets his forces together. The movement intends to turn Nixon's message inside out by using the world platform offered by a Presidential inauguration to convey the simple political message that the Nixon consensus is a hoax, the Nixon law and order is repression, the Nixon peace is a drastic extension of the military machine and that the Nixon opposition is not the corrupt Democratic Party but the insurgency growing among black people, students, women and others.

The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam projects three days of activity around the Inauguration: educational workshops on January 18 (GI organizing, underground media, high school work, Vietnam, imperialism in Latin America, the shape of the new Administration, etc.); a broad base demonstration on January 19, dramatically renewing the demand for immediate withdrawal of troops from Vietnam in a counter-inauguration ceremony. Sunday evening promises a counter-inaugural ball to contrast with the staid celebration of the social elite the next night (to which hippies are not invited but will show anyway). Monday, with Pennsylvania Ave. lined with box seats for the people willing to pay $25 to see a Nixon parade, military bands, governors, military bands. Nixon, Agnew and military bands will motor or walk their way from the Capitol to the White House under the protection of tens of thousands of district, capitol and park police, secret security agents, national guard and everything else. White House press secretaries will be busy working




over the media to insure they pump out the unity theme of the new Administration. Meanwhile, the movement will be working its way towards Pennsylvania Ave. and the coronation.

Saturday and Sunday are expected to be "safe" events, without confrontation. Monday will be tense, heavy with security, and calling for people who can operate flexibly in a situation in which the stakes for Nixon are high. The objective is to reverse the Nixon inaugural message by dramatically focusing on the issues that this country must face up to if it is to survive. We will line the inaugural route with banners and signs, forcing the inauguration to go through a "gauntlet of hostility". Getting signs through the security ring may be difficult. People are urged to bring their own on poster board size 20" by 28" which folds into handkerchief size. 3' by 6' banners can be wrapped around the body or worn under a loose smock, skirt, sweater or shirt. Blankets can be worn which have one side lined with rayon for more graphic illustrations. Poles may not be allowed near the route. However, the season demands the use of an umbrella, which can serve as a substitute.

Good locations around the Inaugural route will be communicated by street organizers or by leaflets in Washington. But it is recommended that people planning to be in town for the Monday demonstration arrive Saturday or Sunday to get familiar with the area and evaluate the overall military situation that can only be known at ·at time.

Nixon will be sworn in at the Capitol, at Noon on January 20. It is expected that the Capitol grounds at that time will resemble Saigon and should be avoided. At approximately 2:00 PM, the parade up Pennsylvania Ave. will take place. It is virtually impossible to "secure" the inaugural route without harrassing or arresting Republican supporters and ordinary citizens who have traditionally lined with the entire route in the tens of thousands. Gas can only be used at the risk of gassing the Establishment. Police charges will turn into attacks on friends of Nixon, etc. This means a more militant and active presence along the inaugural route may be possible.

Monday evening, the elite of America celebrates the coronation with a traditional "ball". Six locations will be used this year, with Nixon and special guests travelling from one to the other for short appearances. The Inaugural Ball will take place at the Washington Hilton, the Shoreham Hotel, the Statler Hilton, and others. Identical tickets for the Establishment Ball will be distributed by the hundreds to Washington demonstrators, for anyone who is into real guerrilla theatre. Complete information concerning the 18th - 20th, replete with maps, will appear in the pre-inaugural issue of The Washington Free Press.

# FREE RADIO RETURNS



Photo by Bill Hatfield

By Rubin Really

The resurrected Electric Brew, metamorphisized Radio Freak Washington. The howlingfreakinglovinghypermusicalapocalyptic voice of the underground community, WHFS Stereo, 102.3 FM, NINE THIRTY TO MIDNITE EVERYNITE IS YOURS!

The Community of Free People of Washington's Radio Free Washington, Guerrilla Radio, will function as the voice of a growing community of awareness.

There is something in the wind, something on the airwaves, a budding sense of community, a warmth spreading out from hundreds of individual centers, little rooms full of smoke, and mind, and colored light and we will connect it, a psychic tribe, a mind pool, a voice from the ONE to the ONE. A net of sound to spread this thing, for the word is grow or die.

RADIO FREE WASHINGTON WHFS-FM is you. Tell them what you would tell the world. Send them tapes of beautiful sound -- your baby crying, the wind past your door, a record you wish to play for others, a letter full of words that need to be said. COMMUNICATION IS THE NAME OF THE GAME.

**POSTERS**

Posters of the cover on sale at Fabrications-Stohall, $1.

**BACK COVER**

If you are confused by the back cover, use your psychedelic ingenuity, and hold it up to a mirror. The last benefit was groovy, but overcrowded. This time there will be rock happenings on two floors, plus, light shows, underground movies, jam sessions, guerrilla theatre.

by Heather Dean

I was waiting for the light to change at Bloor and St. George when I saw the first whore waiting across from me. She was slumped, smile drooping, foot-sore from cruising Fraternity Row peddling counterfeit sex to the sons of the bourgeoisie who know no better.

I felt a decent pity. (Declension: I am pitying, you are condescending, she is insufferably arrogant.) It was easy to pity her -- her legs were dumpy, her lipstick faded, her clothes too tight, and she was wearing her hair in one of those lacquered stacks that you expect to find little moths trapped in.

As we passed one another she met my eyes with the flat, frozen stare of a queen cat challenged in her alley. I accepted it serenely. Noblesse oblige.

And swung on down Bloor with The Walk, accentuated by 3 inch heels -- a walk that flashed my shapely calves and kept my hair brushing gracefully against my shoulders. I was feeling very full of myself indeed.

Until I saw the second whore.

No world-wary slattern, this whore was the Eternal Eve -- the tawny skin of Orlean's Quadroon Balls, heavy black curls, lids langourous under tangled lashes.

Truly he was beautiful.

And knew it. No more than 15 but knew it with the arrogance of the oft-pursued. No passers-by dismissed him in easy contempt; they stared at him with guilty fascination. And he met their look with imploring, violet-shadowed eyes. No quick professional assessments in the second whore's glance -- rather, a limpid pleading -- little boy lost, seeking not a mark but a protector.

He was dressed with studied self-awareness in a gold silk shirt open to the waist over his gold silk skin, a black suede sash, straw-colored jeans shrunk to cling to his long graceful thighs and taut buttocks, black sandals. The world ended three feet from his skin. His consciousness floated about him like a bubble, extending amoeba-like to engulf responses to himself.

As I came abreast of the little sybarite I was aware of his eyes sweeping over me in quick assessment. But I was confident. My face was on, my hair was clean and silky, and I knew that in my turquoise sarong I looked nicely leggy and bosomy, with large expanses of smooth tanned skin.

"You're wearing too much eye make-up for 5 o'clock." He catted unexpectedly and giggled.

But it was a sulky, rear-guard action and my instinctive response was to smile faintly and fleetingly as I passed to signal that I recognized its weakness.

My next response was a mental double-take whose force is still with me. Just what in the hell was the name of the game? When was I dealt in? And how did I get out?

Caricature is not debatable.

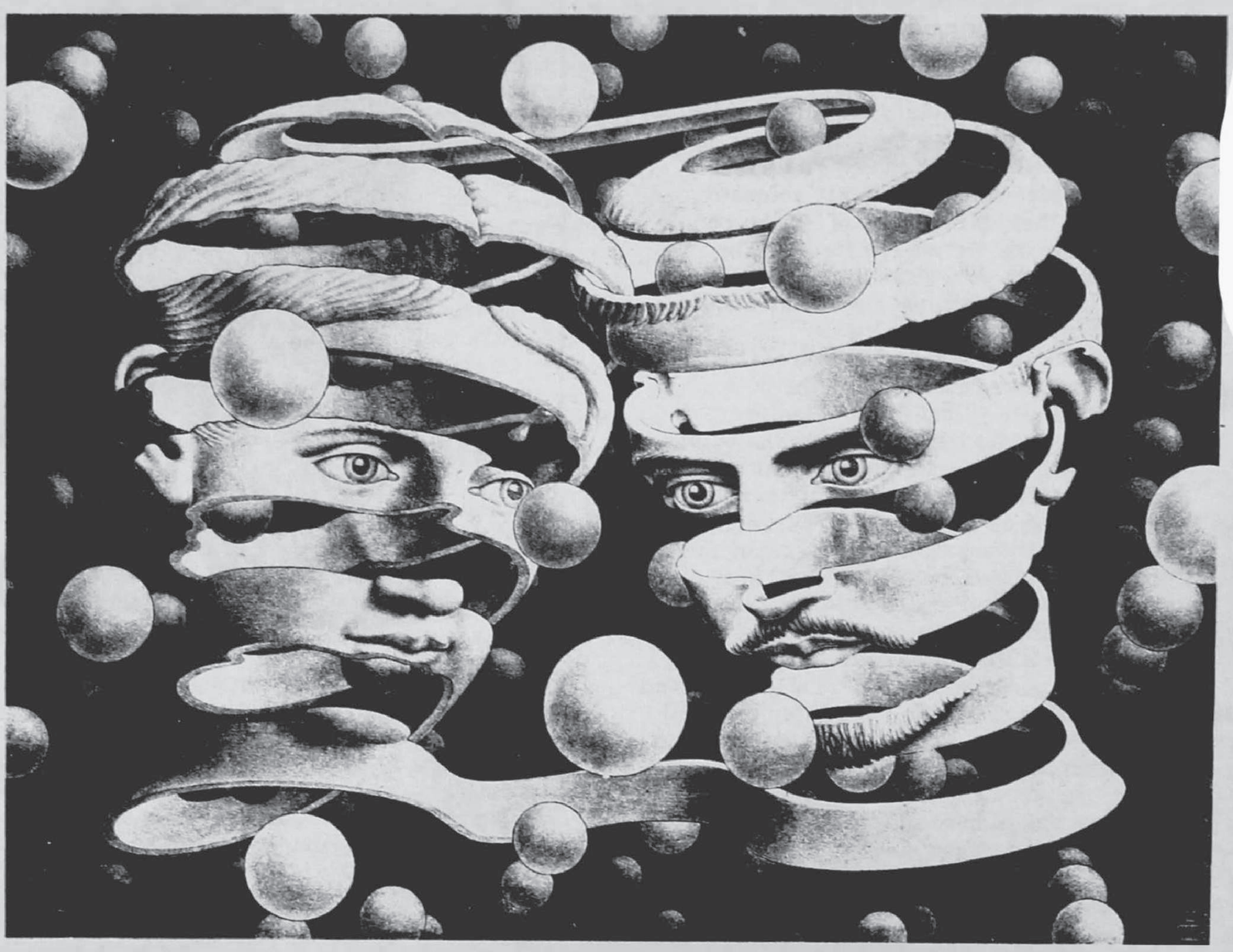
What woman can watch a transvestite swing down a staircase, self-absorbed in his ner bits of theatre, and ever "make an entrance" again? We cannot watch the queen's burlesque of woman's self-conscious dramatics and know not what we do.

Suddenly I was self-aware in a new way. I tried to iron the body-consciousness sway out of my walk. Then -- too much -- I saw the nun.

I went through a kaleidoscope of reactions.

First amusement. What would she think when she saw the baby whore?

And the perennial wonder. "What happens to the tensions of that body, Sister? Do they spill over into dreams formless for lack of knowing the body of a man: the mouth, the hands, the smell and taste and weight of a man? Do you wander in a dreamland garden strewn with the sexual symbols your church abounds in? And do you cry 'Sweet Jesus' in your dreams?"



But she was walking. She was walking graceful as a free animal in the "sensible" shoes that emerged with each unencumbered stride from the folds of her habit. Not mincing like a prancing queen but walking.

It has been my practice as I trot awkwardly along the sidewalk trying to keep up with a freestriding male to drop back five paces, fold my hands, bow my head, and tilt along in the pigeon-toed toddle of the bound-foot peasant woman of Old China. Very funny.

I struck the mocking quotation marks from that word "sensible".

She saw the little whore. Behind her glasses her glance remained calm and rational as it rested on him. No psychic shock for her, as I had foolishly expected. She wasn't in the game. She was liberated from the game.

So, doubt. To pay a nun's price for liberation? Surely too dear.

But can you choose the price, or avoid the price? When you have seen, it is too late to look away. Once the slave has said his private "No!", he can never turn back. The walls of his cabin become a trap, not a bulwark, and he will never go in gratitude to pay his blood-rent in hand-grown cotton.

To pay the nun's price for liberation? The black man risks it daily from the red-neck's blade.

An extreme analogy? Only think . . .

BLACK LIKE ME

Once the slogan of the civil rights movement was "FREEDOM NOW!" As the movement was forced to add an analysis and programme to the mystic cry of freedom it was amended to "JOBS AND FREEDOM NOW!" For no poor man is free.

The black man knows in his school that one or two members of his over-flowing ranks will make it into the prestige college and the prestige jobs, while the upper 20% of the white class across town will "make it". He finds himself the last hired and first fired. Even unions discriminate against him. He earns a lower salary than a white man in the identical job. His function in the labour market is to depress wages; he provides a reserve pool of cheap labour to break strikes and to make it possible to lay off or fire workers without risking a labour shortage later on.

The black man works at the scut jobs of society -- those with no security no challenge . . . and less pay. It is his biblical place to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. It is his natural place. It is his place in the scheme of evolution. Thus Darwin, God, and Nature concur in their opinion of his talents. And sometimes even he concurs.

The black man who concurs is genuinely rewarded. The liberal makes a cynical joke of the "Some of my best friends . . ." gambit, but he is wrong. The affection the Southerner feels for the "good nigra" is quite as real as his fear and hatred of the rebel. Why doubt it? Have men not risked their lives to rescue faithful hounds that have fallen down the shafts of abandoned mines?

The Southerner believes his ideology. The black man is contented in a life of servitude, for his nature suits him for it. His intelligence is not the logic of the white man, but a shifting intuitiveness that makes him more sensitive to, for instance, religion than the white. But he lacks the purposive, disciplined intelligence required to command those social roles reserved for his betters.

Reformers who lack the Southerner's sympathetic understanding of his impulsive, childlike mind can mislead the black man into seeking lifeways alien to his basic nature. They hurt rather than help him. His high-pitched giggle, symbol to the Southerner of his joy, not his repressed despair, sounds no more.

Therefore, reluctantly but with love, they assume the burden of preserving him from the temptations of responsibility, and the trials of making his own political and economic choices.

FEMALE LIKE ME

Read "woman" for "black man". Read "real woman" for "good nigra". Read "male chauvinist" for "Southerner". For the Southerner's ideology, read Freud.

The black man grows up in a world where human history was made by whites. He goes to school and learns the names and faces of great generals, law-makers, conquerors, and kings, philosophers, poets, scientists and visionaries, revolutionaries, reformers, and saints. They are all white men.

Women do not exist in history, except as shadow figures "standing behind every good man." Their reality is a function of their relationship to men as mistress or Mrs.

(Strophe: Eleanor Rigby died and was buried in the church with her name today.)

Those black men who succeed in the white man's world do it because they have white blood, or at the expense of their true nature.

Those women who succeed in the white man's world are no true women: they are lesbians, go the rumours, or frigid -- desexed and unlovely creatures more to be pities than emulated. Unless they "keep their femininity" by playing Doris Day's child-idiot.

The trap of the black American is identical economically, socially, and psychologically to ours, my sisters.

But I overplay the case, you may correctly protest. Not all whites and not all men are drunk on mastery. There are white liberals and liberal men.

Truly.

LIBERAL MEN

# SEXUAL CASTE SYSTEM

## On Passing Two Whores & a Nun

There are white reformers and they have been dealt with elsewhere. And there are liberal men. There are men who want their wives to be intelligent -- almost as intelligent as themselves. They want their wives to develop themselves as individuals -- to read while the diapers are in the machine and the baby in the playpen. There are men who feel only slightly the prickings of social pressure when they are considered less manly for democratically consulting their wives on decisions that will disrupt their lives. They want to send their girl children to college -- if they can afford it after the boys have gone. They even help with the dishes. They try.

But the seeds of arrogance are sown subtly and well within the fabric of male consciousness, just as the seeds of racism exist in the consciousness of the white liberal. A woman knows this, as a black man knows this, because the liberal is taken off guard by anyone who plays the game and confirms his prejudices.

Ask any flirt. It works. All the little Teen Magazine, Readers' Digest, Ladies' Home Journal formulae for reducing the male to quivering jelly work. Ask him about himself, laugh at his unfunniest jokes, ask his advice, defer to his opinions, lean on him, flatter him subtly with wide--eyed absorption, submerge yourself in him, NEED him and he will say, "There's a REAL woman!"

No, friend. There's an unreal woman who will find a thousand subtle ways to avenge herself for the murder of her self.

### THE CASTRATING FEMALE

They have a grievance, but they're going too far!

Whenever the oppressed find their voice, whether in unions, in "Black Power" or in the movement for female humaness, the liberal reaction wraps itself in this banner.

And behind this rationalization there lurks the fear of sexual attack. In Europe, the Jew was traditionally the subject of the mythology of sexual insecurity of which the black man and the Indian have become the North American inheritors -- he had larger genitals, insatiable sexual appetites, no moral restraints. Similarly, North American women who are taking tentative and inadequate steps towards equality are accused, no less, of destroying the manhood of the North American male.

The scenario runs something like this:

At seven in the morning man sallies forth from his humble castle to bring home the bacon. All day he contends with the forces of the Real World, which weary and batter him. He's under the pressure of Important, Ulcer-making Decisions. Or he sells his personality to clients. Or he smothers his resistance to the arrogance of his boss. All for her.

His ego is submerged. He is a cog in the corporate machine of technological society. He is one more sardine in the subway; one more ant on the freeway; one more rat in the race.

At five he staggers home, a beaten and belittled man. And there is Woman. She's got 16 hours to get him on his feet again. To make him feel important, necessary, competent, and resourceful.

No matter how Your day went, sermons the Readers' Digest, greet him at the door with fresh lipstick, a cheery smile, and a "how did it go?" Listen to his troubles; fetch him a beer or martini; shoo the kids out so that he can relax.

Don't encumber him with all the petty irritations of running the house; he's had enough of those at the office. But do ask his advice. Make him feel that he is still the Captain of his little ship.

Build him up.

"George, can you get the top off the peanut butter? I've been struggling with it all day!"

Be smart enough so that he can be proud of you; stupid enough that he can feel smart by comparison. Make sure he knows you would be lost without him -- confer on him the glow of paternalism, and on yourself the dwarf-life of eternal childhood. Convince yourself that propping up a collapsing male ego is a true vocation and, if he's not too tired, Vaginal Orgasm shall be yours. (We have obviously moved beyond the Readers' Digest, and about time.)

If woman will not play this role of re-creating man by being his recreation, is it she who is destroying him? Any man who is so readily castrated must have his balls suspended by a very slender thread.

### REFORMERS

Most of this advice is proferred not by men but by women. We too have our Uncle Toms. We also have our Whitney Youngs and Martin Luther Kings. (For those of you unfamiliar with the internal politics of the black man's struggle, that's a Bad Thing.)

The most prominent of this breed in recent years has been Betty Friedan, author of The Feminine Mystique. Like some Negro "leaders", she muddles an honest analysis of the problem with weak solutions.

Friedan does a fairly good job or describing the frustration and helplessness of a woman caught between the conflicting role demands of service and self-development, of being simultaneously a tower of strength and a clinging vine. She presents an exciting history of our freedom struggle. She details with sympathy the conflicts entailed for men in the self-denying female role. And she documents at least one sinister origin for the phenomenon. The "New Woman" who was developing in the early part of the century was, to be blunt, a lousy market. She was busy and involved outside of her home. Women's magazines said explicitly to advertisers "Give us your business and we will deliver to you, through our columns, our articles, and our fiction, a woman whose main function in life will be to buy your products for her home."

But when it comes to solutions, Friedan can only suggest that women get jobs.

It just won't do.

Let us return to George, coming home after a hard day at the office, manhood shrivelled. Stepping off the train he meets Martha, coming home after a hard day at her office. Do they stagger home to wrestle the top off the peanut butter together? Is all bliss?

The trouble is, the scenario is true. Corporate society does frustrate George; the mass media has killed his aesthetic sense, the schools have smothered his intellectual capacity. Let's face it -- George is a mess!

It is a false and cruel solution to the stunting of his potential that his wife should commit psychological suicide to compensate for it. But it is no solution to suggest that his wife should trade this kind of suicide for a plunge into the lifestyle that is destroying him as a man.

### PENIS ENVY -- IDEOLOGY OF THE MASTER SEX

Freud tended to interpret man's nature as a series of antagonistic forces--intellect vs. instinct; sex vs. culture. Man is not intrinsically an explorer, a creator, a doer. He is these things only as a function of the social restraints on his instincts. Man satisfied either his erotic or his esoteric curiosity, was either an aesthete or a sensualist. He was a closed energy system and energy expended in one direction. Freud's dualism is most marked in his understanding of masculinity and femininity. Man is in his essence a protuberance, woman an oriface, man is active, woman passive, man logical, woman intuitive, (echoes) man aggressive, woman submissive.

When a woman wants to undertake "male" activities such as voting (pushing a ballot through a slot) she is flying in the face of what God and Nature (echoes) had created for her. Why?

Well, at the age of 3 or 4, a little girl discovers the Difference. She deduces that she has been castrated. This can be particularly traumatic if her brothers are favoured, a common Victorian family pattern. In the normal course of her development, per Freud, she resolves the resulting turmoil by accepting her punishment, her mutilation, with total resignation, and adopts the passive feminine role as designated by male society.

cont. on page 25



### WHOLE LOT OF FUCKIN' GOIN' ON

(LNS) -- The U.S. has just given India 200 million rubbers in connection with its crash program to make birth control universally practiced.

Economists have told the Health and Family Planning Ministry the birthrate must be cut almost in half or India will have one thousand million population by the end of this century (present population is 520 million). All contraceptives are being made widely available and arrangements have been made for such respected names as Broode Bond Tea, Lipton Tea, Union Carbide and the Imperial Tobacco Co. to distribute rubbers countrywide with their products. The Indian Government has started a plant in the communist state of Kerala which will be able to produce 145 million sheaths a year, almost three times the present rate. . . .

### TELEPHONY CREDIT CARD USERS BEWARE

(LNS) -- (1) At some point, about $70,000 worth of calls was made on Dow's card. They were pissed, cancelled the card, but refused to press charges for interstate fraud.

(2) Since April, the telephone company has separate codes in addition to just the number. If you don't automatically give the other code, they know it's a phony and tape the conversation for identification purposes.

(3) All of the credit cards commonly used by the movement are known. Some of them have been out of date since 1963.

A leak inside ITT told us that names were being kept. When the source read off the names, they were mostly movement people. Later a guy from SNCC was called in for questioning by the FBI, ITT detectives and local cops. He denied everything, but they played back some tapes showing evidence. Dow and ITT won't press charges, so the FBI can't get people just yet. The assorted cops pointed out that national SDS people are the biggest offenders. If use of phony credit cards continues, they may press charges. Under the new crime bill, it appears that the tapes can be used as evidence in court.



The W. F. P. sends belated birthday wishes to Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung who was 75 on December 26.



### WHISTLING FREE

MIAMI (LNS) -- A blind electrical engineering student was asked to withdraw from from the University of Southern Florida at Tampa when a school official discovered that the student had placed dozens of toll-free long-distance calls for his friends. The student, Joe Engressia, of Miami, places the free calls by whistling in perfect duplication of the 2,600 cycle-per-second tone that triggers the phone switches.

### RADICAL VOTE

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Election authorities reported a total of 178,445 votes for the various radical Presidential tickets in last November's election. (From The Militant, weekly organ of the Socialist Workers Party)

TOTALS: Socialist Labor -- 52,538; Freedom & Peace (Dick Gregory) -- 47,097; Socialist Workers -- 41,300; Peace & Freedom (Eldridge Cleaver) -- 36,385; Communist -- 1,075.

### CONSPIRACY

MIAMI (LNS) -- And here's one for all you conspiracy freaks.

Fact One: Last year the Pentagon announced the necessity for cutting $3 billion from their budget.

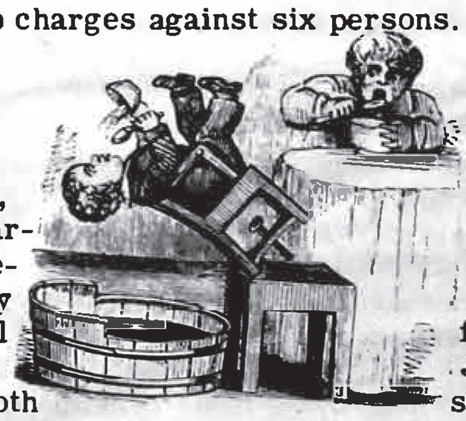
Fact Two: Last May the nuclear powered submarine Scorpion went down in the Atlantic carrying to their deaths 99 crewmen.

Fact Three: An itemization of the way the Navy contributed $9.2 million in savings toward the three-billion goal included the following entry:

"Reduction in personnel and support costs due to loss of the USS Scorpion -- $9.2 million."

### TEENIE BOPPER BOMBERS COP OUT

Detroit (LNS) -- "Send a boy to do a man's job and naturally you can expect those involved to start falling apart when they get caught." This is the opinion of one of the defense attorneys for those accused of setting eight terrorist bombs in the Detroit area. Half-way through the preliminary examination (in which the prosecution is required to show the commission of criminal acts and the defendants' connection with them), Judge Thomas Poindexter agreed to drop charges against six persons. The motion came from the prosecutor on the grounds that the six had agreed to be witnesses against their friends and codefendants. Those who have decided to testify for the State at the conspiracy trial are Gary Miltimore, Jeffery Farr, Diedra Flowers, Rousseau, Barbara Lynn Minor, and Mar- Lynn Burek. Reactoin to their decision was mixed Attorney James Laf- ferty, counsel for Ben Parks and John Schmittroth said:



"It is evident that if the defendants are ready to sell-out, the prosecutor is prepared to make a deal. And he did in the case of the six who were released."

Lafferty said that more evidence had been brought against those who have been dismissed than any of those remaining as defendants. This points up exactly what is so dangerous about conspiracy charges. Your guilt is proven by circumstantial evidence and opens the door to perjury and deals with the prosecutor." Another and much stronger reaction came from a bearded long-haired street brother who refused to identify but said: "All I can say is it ain't going to be safe for any of those motherfuckers who squealed to walk on the streets. It's going to be just like the 'Battle of Algiers' -- squealers have got to be dealt with." The release of the six leaves eight still accused with two still in the Wayne County Jail-- Dave Valler and Ron Pierce. The hearings are set to resume January 9 in Recorders Court.

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# GENERAL MARS BARS

Dear Reader:

I should like to announced that yours truly has received the singular honor of being one of Mr. Nixon's "10,000". I want to say here that I racked my brains and came up with some names that I think would be a credit to our country and the world. For example, I suggested a Mr. R. Gregory for President and a Mr. E. Cleaver for Vice President. While I realize Mr. Nixon had lower posts in mind, nevertheless I felt I should be frank.

I went on to outline the following cabinet to him:

| | |
|---|---|
| STATE: S. Carmichael | DEFENSE: H. Newton |
| TREASURY: R. Theobald | AGRICULTURE: C. Chavez |
| COMMERCE: J. Rubin | HUD: P. Goodman |
| HEW: E. Horn | LABOR: A. Ginsberg |
| TRANSPORTATION: R. Booker | INTERIOR: R. Tijerina (Any Indian) |
| POST OFFICE: R. Speltz | |
| CIA: A. and T. Melville | FBI: R. Nader |
| JUSTICE: W. Kunstler | SSS: L. Marsbars |

Unfortunately, my letter to Mr. Nixon arrived too late for him to implement it before his TV spectacular. But he offered to give it careful consideration (as he put it) "should there be a United States left in 4 years." Las Vegas quotes 25 to 1 odds on U.S. lasting 4 years, down from a trillion to 1 during Coolidge's term. Worth some action, as the touts would say.

GENERAL MARSBARS

Dear Reader:

In response to several recent requests, I am printing below in handy cut-out-and-paste-under-your-toilet-seat-form a complete list of draft counselors in the Metropolitan area. Should anyone have been included who is no longer in the area or no longer draft counseling, he should let me know. Likewise, if I missed anybody who wants to be included. Likewise, if I made any mistakes in phone numbers, etc. Then in about a month, I'll print another handy list which will take on the aura of an official list, with all that augers.

| BLACK COUNSELORS | |
|---|---|
| Michael Searles | 462-0225 |
| Jan Bailey | 234-1149 |
| **WHITE COUNSELORS** | |
| Gladys Block | 931-7117 (Arlington) |
| Raoul Kulberg | 966-7935 |
| William Martin | 924-5100 or WE 7-1225 (Beltsville) |
| Frank Speltz | 667-9024 |
| Aaron Strauss | 454-2834 (College Park) |
| James McCormick | 462-8269 |
| Andrew Cassidy | 522-2735 (Arlington) |
| Douglas Kerr | 657-2446 (Bethesda) |
| David Hunter | 546-9677 or 382-2665 |
| GWU - SDS | 223-5633 |
| Rev. Chris Hobgood | 971-5494 or 549-3911 (Alexandria) |
| Rev. Harold Sherk | 393-4868 |
| Dick Ortega | 332-1387 |
| Washington Peace Center | AD 4-2111 |
| Washington Free Press | 638-6377 |

# low HEAD room



By Christopher Cooper

The states of Arkansas and Mississippi still use whips for punishing their prisoners. A leather strap five and a half feet long; four inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. District judges ruled recently that whipping prisoners was not unconstitutional in itself and was not cruel and/or unusual punishment. The judges suggested, however, that "adequate safeguards" be established.

"The college administration must make the policy and can't share that with anybody like the students." Ronald Reagan. College administrations in some schools are training secretaries, janitors, cooks and others for special riot duty roles.

In London on Christmas day 100 people marched on Buckingham Palace to present a demand to Queen Elizabeth II that the Palace be handed over to house some of the 6,000 homeless people in London. The Queen was not in. She was staying at her "holiday palace" issuing her Christmas message which said 'Mankind can only find progress in friendship and cooperation."

One of the more unusual toys this Xmas was a plastic burp gun that not only made the usual bop-bop-bop sound when you pulled the trigger, but also let out recorded screams, wails and moans of Vietnamese peasants recorded for the toy industry by a free wheeling toy enthusiast on a fact-finding tour.

Larry the Narc has taught us all that if the law is broken in the name of enforcing the law then there is no law only power. And power can only be handled by another power. Get some.

Since 1948, most "civilized" countries have noted a decline in the people's belief in Life after Death. Only in America has the trend upsurged. In 1948, Gallup Poll discovered 68% of the people in the USA believed in life after death. Now in 1968, 73% do. In a feudal system perhaps as many as 99% of the people believe in life after death. Bravo to the churches in the USA. Feudalism is on the way back again. Keep up the good work.

The Gallup Poll shows us that only 60% of citizens of voting age actually cast ballots on November 5th. In 1960, 63% voted, in 1964, 62%. The person most likely to vote was shown by the poll to be "a man 50 years old or older, college educated and a member of the business and professional class." As for the crystal clear choice possible in last November's election, one voter in four said that even two weeks before the election he had not definitely made up his mind how he'd vote. If you work it out you can see that more people did not vote at all than voted for Nixon. Which all brings us to January 20th. Down in front of the White House is a sign: EXCUSE OUR CONSTRUCTION. WE'RE MAKING WAY FOR ANOTHER GREAT MAN. Nixon may not have bad breath or even body odor, but what he's got is far more perilous -- SOUL-A-TOSIS.

An explosive is a substance capable of exerting sudden pressure on its surroundings. Vote NO January 20th.




by Sue-Anne Solem

On the train back to D.C. I watched a man and his adolescent son share a meal of pepsi, white bread and bologna, and cake and thought about how the son was on his way to becoming an old fogey like his father: tired, bald, senile, probably kidney, heart; and prostate trouble. Unlike the son, however, the father probably had the benefit of 20 years of fairly decent eating, at least. Really sad.

Eating is a real trip, and if you can re-condition yourself to good foods you can still enjoy eating while you stay well. Simply purchasing foods which are not processed, refined, canned, or pre-cooked can make the difference between good health and sickness.

Grains are probably the best foods known to man. In almost every culture they form the mainstay of the diet. In Northern China millet is the staple crop, and people existing on millet and vegetables are robust and healthy. Brown rice, bulgur wheat, kasha, oats and rye are other staple grains that have a good amount of proteins, B vitamins (especially good for your head), and minerals. Unfortunately, grain consumption in this country is very low -- about 15% -- and is usually in the form of refined grains like minute rice, white bread, and packaged cakes and pastries.

Since certain foods high in carbohydrate content are relatively inexpensive, the proportion of carbohydrate in the diet has been greater at lower economic levels. The poorer nutritional status of the lowest income groups, however, is not the result of their high carbohydrate intake, but of the particular foods from which they derive their carbohydrate. The highly refined grains and sugars, developed commercially because of their resistance to spoilage, are the cheapest source of calories generally available. But foods like commercial peanut butter, white bread, white rice, grits, and corn meal have been deprived of their natural vitamins. If these very same foods were unprocessed, un-sprayed, i.e., natural and organic, they could form the basis for an inexpensive, healthy diet.

I agree with some of the principles of macrobiotics, which stresses the whole natural grains and the idea of eating in accord with the natural order of things. I think the major part of our diet should be grains, in the form of cooked brown rice, whole wheat macaroni and spaghetti, millet of other flakes, wheat germ, and sprouted grains. According to macrobiotics the universe is an interplay between YIN forces and YANG forces (hot-cold, night-day, expansive-contractive, outward-inward, space-time, water-fire, light-heavy, etc.). Foods can be classified YIN or YANG, depending on color, size, density, sodium/potassium ratio, etc. If we are to achieve health and well-being, we should try to balance these forces in our lives by eating food which is "balanced" between extreme YIN and YANG. Foods that are very YIN are sweets; animal products are at the extreme YANG end. The spectrum from YIN to YANG is as follows: sugar and chemicals-fruit-dairy products-nuts-vegetables-grains-fish-poultry-meat-eggs. Grains are right in the middle. According to macrobiotics, a diet of grains, with a small amount of vegetables and fish, would be best for man. Americans typically "balance" their diets by crashing from one extreme to another: meat-sugar. This is very "schizophrenic"; one can achieve neither mental nor physical well-being this way. I think a balance is necessary but I think that balance is different for each person. For some people, particularly those who have been brought up on grains and have learned to digest them, an all grain or grain and vegetable diet is good. But for most Americans, who have spent years abusing their bodies, years digesting everything but grains, an all grain or mostly (80%-90%) grain diet is bad, resulting in deficiencies Aihara, the spokesman for macrobiotics on the West Coast, warns against doing all grains, and suggests a 60-30 10% regimen of grains-vegetables-fish. I suggest an even more flexible one than that for most people, allowing for eggs and small amounts of milk and cheese, since most of us are accustomed to dairy products After some time we can "wean" ourselves, but it does take awhile. Another reason why I suggest milk or cheese is that on macrobiotics the calcium intake does not meet the standard set by the Department of Agriculture. One can be assured of getting enough clacium by adding one cup of milk, almond or soy milk, 2 or more tablespoons of sesame seeds (added to cereals or vegetables), soybeans, or dark greens to the diet. Dark greens should be eaten anyway, especially for B-2. If you use milk you can balance it off with eggs. A rigid macrobiotic would probably not agree with me, but I have found this kind of diet successful for me. Some people will not need the milk; it depends on your own judgement.

I think the macrobiotic diet number 7 is a good one to get you tuned into yourself but not the one to follow for very long. This is the all grain, small amount of salt and liquid regimen . It does fantastic things for your head, as well as for the rest of you. On this regimen you can eat brown rice, kasha, millet, corn meal, etc., but nothing else, and a maximum of c. of liquid per day. Sounds hard, but things like popped (organically grown) corn, crisp crunchies (recipe above) and stuff make it easier. You really learn a lot about your system after about a week When you're coming down off the diet you can experiment with certain foods to see how they affect you--it's really interesting. This is a good way to lose weight, too. In three weeks you can lose 10 pounds or more..

I tried macrobiotics for about 8 months, and learned a lot from it. I still am sensitive to foods and can balance things out pretty well Just as the Eskimo who lives in a very YIN (cold) climate must eat very YANG (animal) food, so do we have to modify our diet to fit our environment. More recipes next week.

**CRISP CRUNCHIES**

1 c. wholewheat flour
1/2 tsp. sea salt
3 tsp. oil
sesame seeds

Mix ingredients with water enough to form pliable dough. Roll out dough and cut rounds thin. Bake in 350 oven until crisp and browned.

**SPINACH SALAD**

spinach, fresh
toasted sesame seeds

Cut up spinach (after washing) and place in bowl. Toast sesame seeds by putting in a heavy pan on top of stove and stirring, heat high, until seeds begin to pop. Sprinkle sesame seeds (about 1 tblsp.) on spinach and add 1 tsp. soy or other oil. Really good. Can also add lemon juice if you want.

THE SOUND FORM
-MUSIC for the PEOPLE-

# NORMAN THOMAS AND YOUTH

NORMAN THOMAS, AND WE WHO REMAIN

by Peter Novick

Norman Thomas died last month. Probably most people were surprised to discover that he had not died twenty years ago. But until the last of his 84 years, Norman Thomas utilized all available energies from his aging body to tell people what he Knew to be right. And this was motivated by his desire to see that all men on earth share in the necessities and opportunities that this society can produce. He was more than a history book anachronism of being candidate of the Socialist Party for President six times. Yet this is how he will undoubtedly be remembered to most American school students; as an interesting quirk of the American political system -- another of those Third Parties. But Thomas headed, since the death of Eugene Debs, the largest Left Wing Party, and in the Depression years, offered programs that the Roosevelt New Dealer's brought out into reality. The irony of enacting his Socialist programs is that only the segments that could be used to perpetuate American capitalism were used, and that there were no changes in the ideological basis of America's framework were put in along with the surface changes.

He lived and gave all he could for Democracy. To him, it was the simplest, most fundamental belief; that all men should govern and direct their own lives. Democracy means more than the mere barrier of political democracy held forth as American freedom. Democracy must also be extended to the economic democracy of the people deciding what their natural resources go to, and to what emphasis the economy should be directed. What right have squatters to claim mineral rights to wealth below the surface of the earth? The absurdity of men claiming to own natural petroleum that exists in land inhabited by everyone is as unjust as the exploiters of these riches to have immense wealth and power. If we have no choice but to drive petroleum powered vehicles, then that petroleum is as much a necessity as water. The American spirit of capitalism might as well extend to corporations selling drinking water to residents of the cities for whatever price they ask. Democracy must be brought to all levels of our lives, Thomas felt, and it wouldn't happen until we demanded it.

Democracy as a living way of life led to his life-long battle against Communism. In the thirties, he fought Communist infiltration of American labor, and government. Whether it is considered the case today or not, the Communist movement was directed on a global level by the despotism of Joseph Stalin -- who practiced democracy as equally as Hitler, Franco, or Mussolini. Right-wing propagandists who equate Socialism with Communism, and using them as mutual epithets in the same breath, neither understand the creeping Socialism they unreasonably fear, or the faith that its members had for human equality. Or perhaps many of them do, and fear a world governed by all men, each with equal stature in the eyes of the government. The tyranny of a nation that remains independently managed from the people composing that nation struck Norman Thomas as the century's greatest threat. This is the era of Totaliarianism, and the United States Government is also vulnerable to it. He lived to see Nazism and Fascism defeated, but never saw a total democraticization of the communist bloc. Neither may we.

Too many young Leftists and anti-Americanistic activists of this nation's generation make the mistake of transferring their hate for this government into admiration for this government's enemies. It takes more courage to admit that both sides may be wrong; or that there is good in both. What should gain the loyalty of those who desire a change is the betterment of all Men, and not the success or victory of any nation or ideology.

The radicals of Thomas's generation were perhaps a more disciplined lot, but the impression one gets from associating with many active in the New Left movement is that they seek to change other men's lives without changing their own. They lack a dedication of a particular life style, one in which they treat all men as they wish to be treated themselves. If men today were to live the type of personal life that Norman Thomas lived, then his utopian Socialism would be able to function.

In 1932, he polled a million recorded votes for President, which he estimated to be an actual two million cast -- with many localities not bothering to count a loser's votes. Socialists were elected and serving in the United States Congress. People sought his help; and through the innovations of his ideas by FDR, the first socially oriented legislation was enacted.

The last time I was with Norman Thomas was December 1966, when I had stopped by his E. 19th St. office in New York for a visit. He had gone blind, and had to rely on his secretary for his work. He was an aged figure, but still continued to write articles for Socialist party publications and scores of other periodicals. He had written a score of books, and lectured extensively on campuses. In his last months, he continued to produce as much as possible. He had the innocent smile and warm heart of a man who had worked hard all his life, and was ready to meet death knowing that the beginning work was begun. As I left his office, he gave me an apple that he had received from a friend. Somehow, I wanted to keep it intact; but that was as impossible as keeping Norman Thomas alive for another generation.

I was talking to a leading figure in United States history; the crusader on the Left with the largest, longest, and most widespread support. He was perhaps one of the century's greatest speakers. Yet he was also a close friend of my father. My father worked with the Young Socialists in the Depression, organized sharecroppers in the South, wrote speeches for Norman Thomas and other Socialist candidates and lived it not as a political party, but a life style. My father had died when I was seven, so that this aging man I was visiting knew more about my father than I knew myself. He spoke kindly and affectionately of him, as he did of other long dead friends. But his memory was failing, and the activities of the chaotic thirties were fading forever in his mind.

My parents had met through the Socialist party after World War II. I almost owe my existence to Norman Thomas's political organization. They really believed they would change the world. They hoped and worked for what they felt was right. Many Socialists were deeply hurt by the continuation of the status quo in America, and the Cold War.

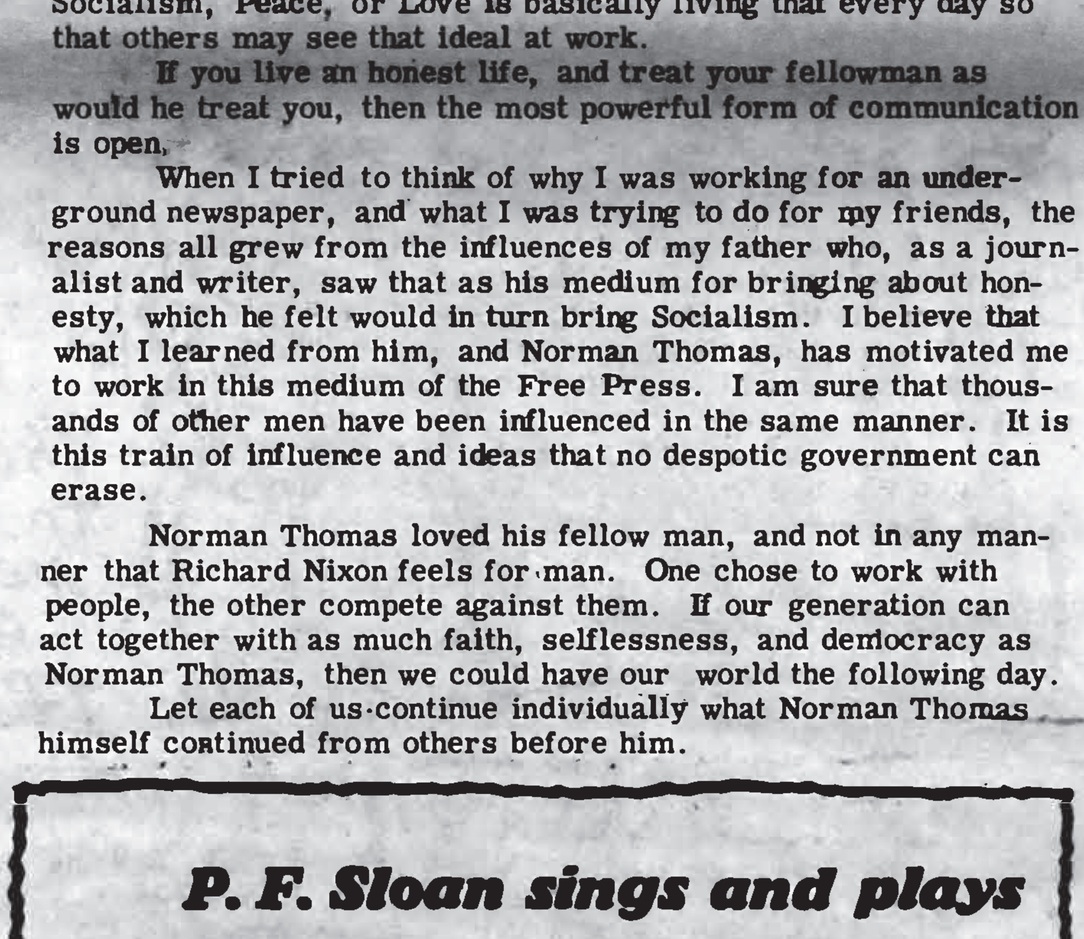
We now, although not in the Socialist Party, share most of their ideals. Perhaps the lifetimes dedicated to Socialism can help us to do what we feel is right. How many of our generation would place their lives on the line for their ideals? Too many of us think that enjoying life is somehow divorced from working for a better life. But no man would risk his life to change human condition if he were not himself a lover of life. I remember Norman Thomas, my parents, and other Socialists enjoying life, and spreading love to others. It comes down to creating for ourselves the life style we feel is right, and with the conviction that what we are doing lives up to ideals as much as we are able. Spreading Socialism, Peace, or Love is basically living that every day so that others may see that ideal at work.

If you live an honest life, and treat your fellowman as would he treat you, then the most powerful form of communication is open.

When I tried to think of why I was working for an underground newspaper, and what I was trying to do for my friends, the reasons all grew from the influences of my father who, as a journalist and writer, saw that as his medium for bringing about honesty, which he felt would in turn bring Socialism. I believe that what I learned from him, and Norman Thomas, has motivated me to work in this medium of the Free Press. I am sure that thousands of other men have been influenced in the same manner. It is this train of influence and ideas that no despotic government can erase.

Norman Thomas loved his fellow man, and not in any manner that Richard Nixon feels for man. One chose to work with people, the other compete against them. If our generation can act together with as much faith, selflessness, and democracy as Norman Thomas, then we could have our world the following day.

Let each of us continue individually what Norman Thomas himself continued from others before him.

# KEN WEAVER

LK: We're sitting here in the spacious living room with the star of stage and street, Ken Weaver. First of all, Ken, I can't help but ask you, who is responsible for your interior decorating?

KW: Betsy Klein. And Rondo Hatton.

LK: Do you think that after your initial charisma with the present generation has worn off you'll try to change your style to fit the new generation or sort of grow up with the present group?

KW: No, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to go back and live in 1955. I'm going to get a pink and black Ford Crown Victoria, and I'm going to get some pink and black pants, a quarter-inch wide fuckin belt, pants with a belt on the back, white socks, a bunch of white socks, man, a whole warehouse full of white socks, and then I'm going to get drunk on Thunderbird wine.

LK: There have been some rumors that there is something between you and Sonia Henie. Is there any truth to this?

KW: Well, we at one time did get something straight between us. Actually, the first time I ever had a spermatic ejaculation, it wasn't Sonia Henie. It was Dale Evans. I was watching -- I'm not kidding you, this is true -- I was jacking off one time, it was Saturday, I was sitting on this vinyl-covered couch in Texas, right, with a TV tray in front of me and a big bowl of Cheerios on it. I'm eating these Cheerios with my left hand, right, so I can swing with my right hand, watching Roy Rogers television show, right -- "Happy trails to you until we meet again. Well, straight shooters. . . ." Roy, I think Bullet's trying to tell us something. Boy, I'd like to see a statue of Dale Evans, man. She's standing there and that fuckin German Shepherd is hunching her leg, right, and she says, pointing down to him, "Roy, I think Bullet is trying to tell us something."

LK: Who do you consider the most important influence on your career?

KW: I really, once again, would have to go back to Rondo Hatton. I just wish he were alive now. He'd be so proud.

LK: When did you first realize that you wanted a career as a rock and roll star?

KW: When I was six. One day it was cold in 1946 and I said, "Boy, man, since it's so fucking cold, I'd better get me a career in rock and roll. No, I've never made that decision, as a matter of fact.

LK: Is it true that you've always been a secret admirer of Rudy Valee?

KW: I saw Rudy Valee in person once in El Campo, Texas. I didn't know who the fuck he was at the time. You know, I was talking to somebody from the Mothers the other day, Billy Monday -- he's with Rhinoceros now -- and he said he was talking to a chick who was 15 or 16 years old and she didn't know who James Dean was. Do you know what that means? We're old! We're old! What? Who's James Dean? You bitch, you just made me old. God Damn, man... Who's Paul McCartney? Wow! Right? Someday there'll be people that don't know, right? God damn, I don't want to be old! I don't want to be a grown up! I'm twelve, I'm twelve! Sometimes when I wake up with a hangover I'm 82. But most of the time I'm 12. I never want to get any older than that. I never want to be a teenager. I just want to be 12 in sixth grade. People used to say about teenagers, "Oh, God, I'd sure like to be their age and know what I know now." Cause the kids know more, man. That old bullshit about grown-ups being superior and all -- bull shit. And they see through it, man where we didn't.

LK: After such a long and distinguished career as yours, how do you keep your figure trim?

KW: I shoot speed in my eyelids. I've got the thinnest eyelids in town. I shoot speed and I can walk on them, man. I can do chin-ups on my eyelids. No, I don't know, man. I know, I keep my figure down because I'm armored, man. I've got Reichian armor. Like, if I really stood naturally... right... (Assumes he-man pose) "Where's the girls on this beach? Don't see a lot of cunt around. Not much pussy around. No chicks here?" (Looks around and lets belly stick out again) Armoring, man. Live in a tough neighborhood, you gotta be tough. You gotta be armored. I'm afraid! Fear keeps my figure down.

LK: What kind of deodorant do you use? I'm sure our fans will be interested.

KW: I let my pheromones take care of that. A pheromone is your funk gland. Animals are always sniffing dicks and assholes cause that's where their pheromones are located right around the sphincter muscles, so they shit and these ducts put this juice on their shit, and other rabbits can tell how old the rabbit was that crapped that out. And ants have it on their mandibles. Have you eaten peanuts and chewed gum at the same time? It really fucks up the gum. But bubble gum and bananas is great. And popcorn and dill pickles.

LK: After the crowds are gone and you are alone, what do you do for amusement?

KW: I pull it.

LK: What advice do you have for your many admirers.

KW: Keep it up. Fuck everything in sight before you're eighteen, guys, because after that you ain't, the only snatch you'll get is when you fill in the blank. Give em the old wedding ring. No, man, shit, I need some advice from them, man. The fucking kids are all hipper than me, or they're going to be. That's why I'm leaving town. I'm afraid of them, oh God. I'm beset on all sides.

LK: Who was your favorite high school teacher?

KW: None of them. I hated every fucking one of them. For putting me through that shit. Man, the only thing I got an F on in high school was conduct. I got a big red fucking F. I was just a wise-assed mother fucker. I hated those fucking bastards. I hated every minute of it. I was on the student council too for two years.

LK: People are always saying that a successful person like yourself must have had a wonderful childhood. Could you tell us what was the happiest moment of your childhood?

KW: The day the pigs ate my sister. I laughed, I thought I'd die. The day I got out of high school. That is the happiest day of my fucking life. I was even happier then than I was when I got out of the Air Force. I don't know, maybe it was the Air Force. I don't know. It's a close race between those two.

LK: When was the first time you got laid?

KW: The first time I got laid I was 11. I got some before the other guys. Beat em to it, man. I did, man. My babysitter. I fucked my babysitter. Wow, big old tall Czechoslovakian chick.

LK: Would you want your children to follow you in a career like this?

KW: Gee, well, I don't even wany any children, man. I don't. I'd rather have a raccoon than a child.



LK: WHAT KIND OF JOB DO YOU THINK NIXON WILL DO?

KW:

LK: Do you prefer boys or girls under sixteen?

KW: A woman is fine, but a melon's divine. I fucked a watermelon, man. There was this farmer outside of El Campo who had a watermelon patch. He had a sign up in his watermelon patch saying "One of these watermelons is poisoned." Fuck it, man, what were the odds of getting the poisoned one even if he did it, right. You have to have a license to poison people. So we used to eat the watermelons. And I used to go in there and fuck em right about sunset. There were warm from sitting out in the sun all day. I used to cut a hunk and take a stick and poke around in the hole until it was nice and gushy, and then I'd fuck it man. It was nice and round and warm.

LK: Did you leave it on the vine?

KW: Right. And then I put the plug back, and then eat the watermelon. Then after that the farmer took his poison sign down and put up one that said "One of these watermelons has clap." It never happened but it's a good story.

LK: Some people have alleged that the song Marijuana on the latest Fugs album has inclinations and even references to an evil drug of the same name. Would you care to comment?

KW: A benevolent drug of the same name, yah. We're talking about smoking dope and it's good for you. What you are smoking right now. Get high on the fumes. Lighter fluid. I used to do that, man. Red wine and lighter fluid. Thunderbird and No-Doze. Me and Brook Broadway used to get smashed on that shit.

LK: What would you consider your single greatest achievement?

KW: I don't know, man. Staying alive for 28 years. Over 28. Probably. That's it. You figure the odds against living are pretty high are too good. Everybody's death rate is the same, though. One life, one death. You only get one of each. I decided the other day I'm never going to vote anymore, man. Cause you can only vote for hypocrites.

LK: You have to spend a long time practising just now to plain acquire power, man, with no other motive. If you spend your life trying to acquire power, then you must be sort of fucked up here, man.

KW: They're power addicts, that's what they are. Burroughs knows those motherfuckers, man. He's been knowing where they're at for centuries. I don't think he looks like he's from St. Louis. He invisible, that's all. He know's exactly what to look like to be invisible. He's excited about coming back to New York. He's a Karate expert, too. They found him wrestling around on the roof of some building in London with some young boy. I don't know, some choir boy. Mail him a choir boy for Christmas. Unwrap your present. Fuck it, man, if he likes choir boys that's what they're for.

LK: If you had your life to live over again, Ken, what would you change, if anything?

KW: Oh, God, I'd change my planet. I wouldn't want to live on this son-of-a-bitch again. (Starts singing) "Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars. Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars."

LK: Do you think your sudden success has changed you?

KW: I don't know. I wasn't looking. I'm different than I was in 1961, right. I'm older and I've got less hair. I've got more but it's in a different place.

LK: What is your favorite color?

KW: Burnt Sienna. That's the best thing ever happened to Crayolas.

LK: Flower?

KW: Black lotus as mentioned in The Tales of Conan the Cimmerian.

LK: Could you recommend a serious school of onanism to any of the more curious university students?

KW: Sam Houston Institute of Technology get it? Yuk, yuk, yuk. "Goddamn, that makes my ass want to dip snuff." What? What? What little old grannie lady thought that up? Mammy Yokum or something. Some speed freak dike. Al Capp is sick.

LK: He's sick in Argentina. He used to be a liberal. Now he's a Bill Buckley fan. I think maybe he hasn't been getting any.

KW: When he did the big fucking thing about Joan Baez, man, "Phony Joany", she's no sacred cow or anything, but his attack was just crude, man.

LK: Whom do you most admire in the world?

KW: Who's the oldest?

LK: There's a man in Tashkent who claims to be 147.

KW: I don't admire anyone in Tashkent.

LK: You don't like the Tashkentians?

KW: I'm an anti-Tashkentian. I don't know. Ever since the day this guy from Tashkent came up and squirted chicken shit at me from between his teeth. . . . I had my glasses on, you understand.

LK: Outside of your mom, whom do you consider is the most alluring female in the world?

KW: Monique Van Cleef. No. I don't know, man. The Virgin Mary. No, actually, man, the most alluring female in the world is Queen Elizabeth. I'd like to fuck her in the ass. Except I wouldn't want to dirty my dick on her. What a piece of shit she is. The Queen indeed. Fucking antique.

LK: I hear she's a palace queen.

KW: She's probably sucked off the Coldstream Guards so many times, man. They lose forty pounds a week through the heads of their dicks.

LK: Does El Campo really exist, or are you just putting us on?

KW: Sometimes I wonder. Memory and dreams are intermixed in this mad universe. I think Jack Kerouac once said that.

LK: Is Ken Weaver your real name, or are you really Cardinal Richelieu?

KW: I Judge Crater, motherfucker.

LK: This next section has questions like out of Sixteen Magazine.

KW: Sixteen Magazine ought to be took out on the street and shot down like a dog. Is it one of those fab gear mod mother fucker things? An interview with head mother Frank Zappa. Zappa's great, man.

LK: Dino, of Dino, Desi and Bill....

KW: Oh, yeah, God, take em out and shoot em in the streets like Sacco and Vanzetti who got it on my birthday. August 23. Leon Trotsky got it on August 21, Gary Elton's birthday.

LK: What kind of clothes do you like to wear, Ken?

KW: Boots, levis, and t-shirts. And braces... I like to wear fab mod gear. Imagine what I'd look like in a goddamn Nehru thing, you know, mod fab, with one of those Johnny Carson anodized aluminum medallions they wear around their necks. It looks like one of those things around the doorknob with the doorknob in the middle of the door. In suburbia. One of those big sunburst clocks or something around my neck. With a big anchor chain, right. You know what I'd like to do, man? Did I tell you about the Van der Graaf electrostatic generator? There's a big sphere on the top and a column and what they do is produce an electric arc. I'd like to get two of them and stand between them. I've talked to electricians about them because I don't want to get fried, but it would look so fantastic to let the arc jump off the end of your fingers.

LK: I remember a revivalist who was coming through our area. It was at some Bible grounds camp meeting, and he had this big meeting, you know, there were over 350 people there. I was sitting in the frong row and he had a generator that generated over a million volts off the regular telephone line, but it had no amperage. And he says, "All the people sitting in the first four rows will have over a million volts pass through their bodies." And I was sitting in the first row, wow. He'd go bzzz bzzz and sparks would connect between his fingers. And he got one guy he asked to come up on stage. "Sir, take off your shoes because of the metal eyelets in your shoes and all objects out of your pockets."

KW: Take the rings off your toes.

LK: And he put a fluorescent bulb in in one of the man's hands and the bulb lit up. All these sparks flying all over the place.

KW: God is dead, God is dead.

LK: He was some kind of Mafia wire tapper before he came to God, right. And then he'd say, "That just shows you God's energy, folks." And then he'd start the sermon.

KW: Give me those gas stoves. Go electric. Go God. Let's keep the God in electricity.

LK: One question many readers ask, how big is your dick?

KW: Maximum length once recorded in 1965 was 7 1/4 inches. Minimum length, that's when I'm on speed, it sometimes draws up to my knees. NO actually it looks like a miniature concertina, that you'd get in a gumball machine that goes eeee.

LK: What sports do you enjoy?

KW: I like to take a lot of narcotics and watch baseball games. Football, NFL football. That's the best. And I like demolition derbies. Dig it, man, I saw a thing the other day on television where they had this fucking contest and the way it works is these cars go along and there's a ramp, right, for the two left wheels or the right two wheels, take your choice. And they see who can go around this racetrack on two wheels. And the cars are just driving around like that. That's what I like about America. Evil Kneevle went across the goddamn Grand Canyon on a motorcycle in the air. That's to me where America is. Crumbling and dying Rome. I don't give a shit, man, it's partyville. Partyland. Make believe.

LK: Is it true that you turned down Jackie Kennedy and she picked Aristotle Onassis on the rebound?

KW: I turned down Lord Harlech. And Jackie Kennedy turned me down. And Lord Harlech turned down Aristotle Onassis, who has a severe case of hemorrhoids from sitting on a cold Stonehenge pylon for three days. I went to see Stonehenge and brought Betsy back some moss. Groovy fucking magic, right. Stonehenge moss, man, smoke that shit! Get high for a millenium!

LK: What are your hobbies?

KW: Playing darts. I don't know, man. Humm Reading. Jacking off, reading. Fantasizing. Close your eyes and fantasize. Reading this poster here by Michel McClure. Greatest goddamn poster in the whole world. I found it in the Village tacked up on some boardings... How'd you like to have the tapes of the Moors murders? That man and woman in England took a bunch of kids and tortured them to death and recorded it. "Just released. A new LP." It must be incredible to hear someone tortured to death. You'd probably vomit. They'd make a trillion dollars. Boy, would it sell. It would just blow the whole world's minds. People would take sneak listens. Like they used to sneakily read Peyton Place and say they never read it. But they knew all about it. "How come you know what's on page 197?" The kids watching the guy eat the pregnant woman.

LK: What do you like most about Adolph Hitler?

KW: He had a lot of chuspah. He never happened, man. That didn't happen. Six million what? All those photographs were touched up. Air brushed or something. They did it with mirrors.

LK: Who has been your best fuck?

KW: The afore-mentioned watermelon.

KW: We used to all look like those. We all had gills. Gills and tails. Unlike the archaeopteryx. That must have been a great thing, man, to be an archaeopteryx. One day there was lizards, right. There was no birds or nothing, just lizards. Everybody woke up the next day and there was this new guy. He could fly! Look at that! He couldn't really fly. He would climb up a tree and glide down like a flying squirrel. Then later on he got hip to flapping. Then his scales separated instead of being sheeny. I didn't mean that. I didn't mean to offend any Jews. Shiny. Look at a bird, man. They're a lizard. Look at their feet. Lizard feet, talons.

LK: Has your insistence on being clean-cut harmed your career?

KW: It makes it hard for me to buy drugs. It makes it easy for me to go through customs. It only usually takes me three fucking hours. It's incredible, man. I mean, if someone like me goes through customs they look through everything I've got. Everytime I go through I say, "I've got a suitcase full of heroin. I figured I could get through because I'm so inconspicuous. You didn't even notice me, did you?" Ha ha. I've got hair down to the fucking middle of my back, I've got a beard, and a funny hat on. That's a great American escape,

WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

## All Watched Over By Machines Of Loving Grace

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

R. Brautigan



A Brief:

(to follow the primal course
of stream to its 'mergence
with the sea, deeper
than you or I my
friends will
ever know.)

Slow to speech
Aragon
tears out his heart and places it
on the marble floor
in the center of the
cascades
the new city --
the promise of tomorrow
as predicted
by Castor and Pollux:
"Wings to fly!"
("It's only water",
head, heart
and hands.)

Bob Woodward

## Dead Sleep

Man can never know
What he has never heard,
Nor remember
What was not yet touched.
And beggars fight in freezing lines
To buy their manhood on the street.
Too late to reconstruct the ashes
After they have burnt.
Too late to polish iron
That has rusted into dirt.

2
Dead sleep quiet in the sun
Dead sleep fire in the cold.
Filled with ocean's salty tales.
They sat and listened some
Then climbed up mountains.
Slaying foes
Both real and in-between,
To resume their quiet limbo peace.
Performing for themselves
In a dead sleep.

3
A dead sleep flashes through the alleys
Capturing those who fall
In traps they built themselves
And cornering their fate
To the wall.
Remembering not at all
What they choose to keep forgotten,
Except the forgetfulness
That keeps them moving
And brands their minds to remember.

4
Passing empty houses,
To corners filled with chalk
And quiet spoken dragons
Breathe their fire in the air.
And crucified by nails of iron.
To die on crosses every day.
The good word passes spoken --
And is forgotten
Not by any.

Peter Novick

5
Awaken yet to be asleep
And touch no one but you.
And cages left behind unlocked
Afford a mirrored view.
Of palaces beneath the dirt
And sailboats jammed in mud.
And wedding gowns of purest white
Woven from the coal and blood.

6
Closing eyes and painless hearts
Lie still inside their owner.
And people kill their brother's wives
To kiss their chosen saviour.
And build the castle lying deep
In dried-out sands of ruby red.
And passing to a deeper sleep.
That dead sleep
Just near the end

7
Frozen claws inside my soul
Pull my body across.
The valleys where a hundred Christs
Are carrying their cross
And crucify themselves with nails
A hundred times a day,
And would not venture other lands.
But live imprisoned in their way.

8
Dead sleep kissing both my eyes.
Lips that bear a bloodied thorn.
Dead sleep stopping all the trains
That transport bodies to the port.
And no one wakes or stirs a breath.
To rise up from their dead sleep
Except by grace of loving death.

9
Locomotives pulling slowly
Dead sleep riders hushing disturbers
As the fireman shovels corpses
To feed the hungry fire.
The conductor calls out stations
That kidnap crying boarders
Never to release them.
Or disturb the dead sleep order.

January 1-15, 1969



# LETTERS

1821 S St., N. W.
Washington, D.C.

Editor
Washington Free Press
3 Thomas Circle
Washington, D.C.

Oh my, and you claim to be a liberated newspaper. Alas, you're going the way of the establishment.

A brief critique, if one may. . . .

A special Christmas story was turned down because it was too "dirty". Political articles abound as if what is said in the Free Press, like what is said in the major daily newspapers, could in any way have an effect on the actions of politicians.

Poorer and poorer writing appears in each issue as illustrated by the two lead articles which contain a great deal of information but whose style is horrendous: to wit, gigantic paragraphs and respective 64 and 48 word complicated lead sentences. (Dec. 16-31 issue). Lack of effective communication between the staff is causing mix-ups and quarrels typical of any bureaucracy.

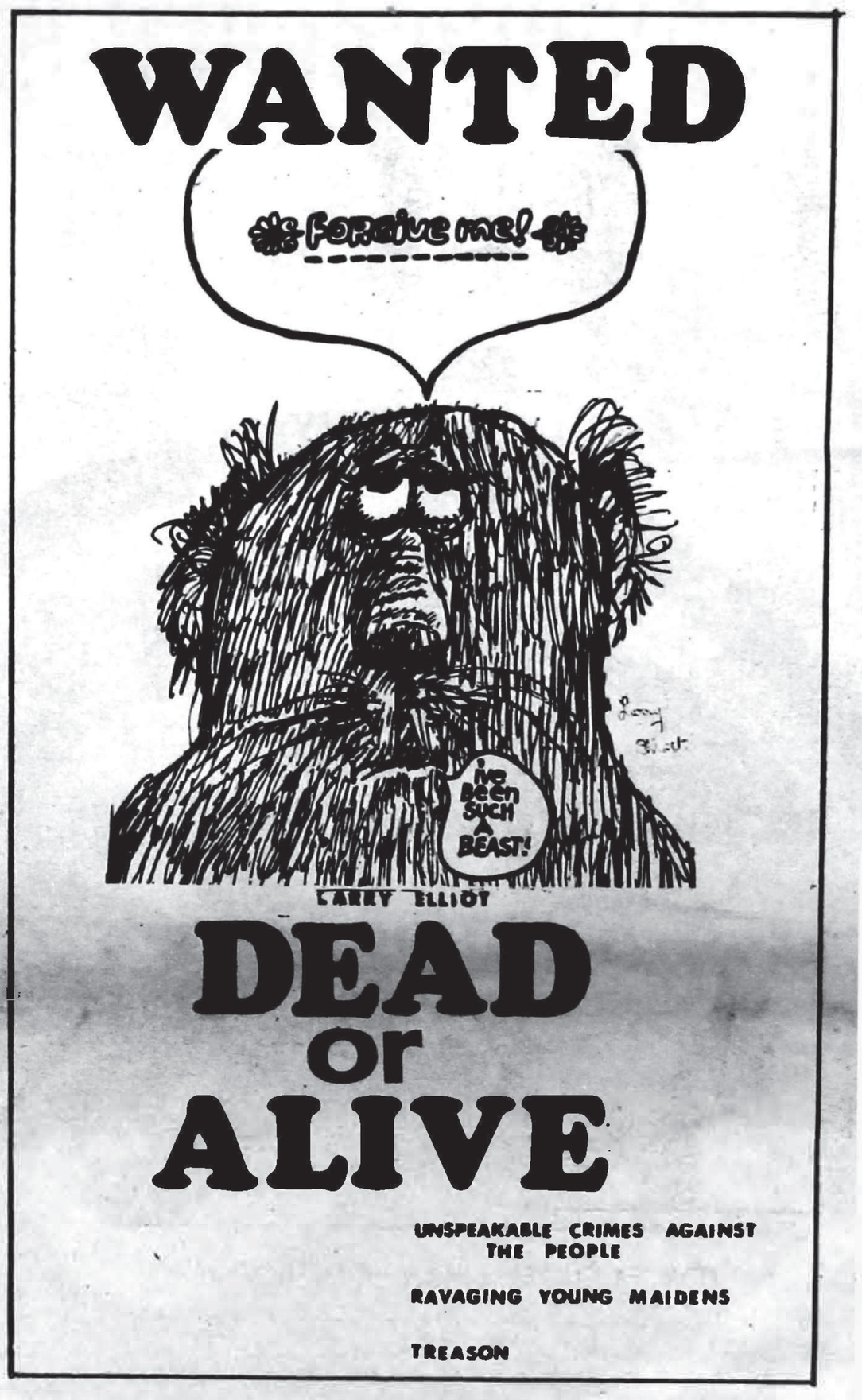
From this list, this short and by no means inclusive list, one forms the impression that: The Free Press practices censorship. The Free Press deludes itself into thinking that it can help journalism. The Free Press, product of the love children, does not practice the love and tolerance it preaches (or at least used to preach), and is now going the way of all businesses -- toward bureaucracy and inter-staff hangups and hate.

End critique. . . .

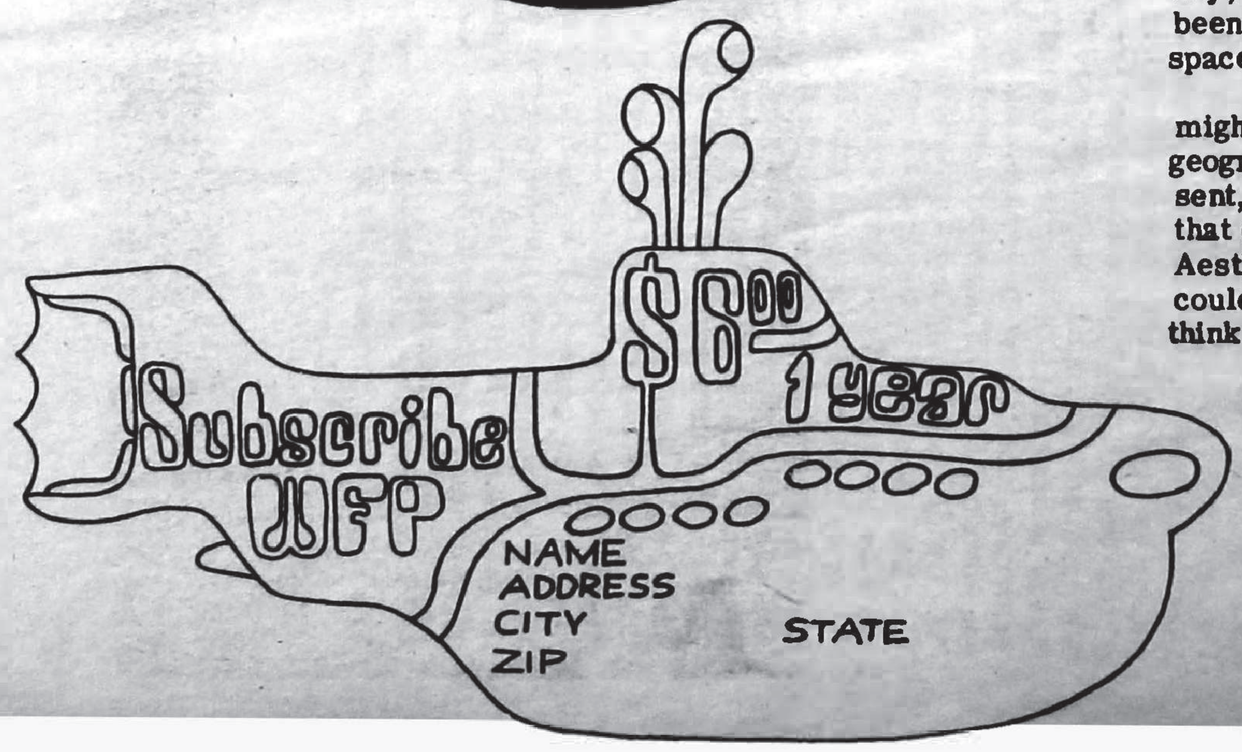
Now this letter is a put down. But, let's hope, one that will result in some constructive self-examination. Yet already the Free Press is far down the road to establishment values (with the exception of drugs) and tending toward mediocrity.

Come back love. Come back freedom. Come back quality. No obituaries for the Free Press, only new beginnings.

Sincerely,
Terry Becker




Eddy P. Bonetti
Barbara Naidich
Nancy Hastings
Fooman Zybar
General Marsbars
Kinnery
Mark Shulman
Peter Novick
Daingerfield Ashton
Sylvia Wallace
Chris Webber
Judy Seckler
Frank Speltz
Art Grosman
Lincoln Pain
John Hagerhorst
Tato Hemard
Michael Grossman
Dennis Livingston
Linda Silverstein
Lloyd McNeil
Duggan Flanakin
John Davies
Marilyn-Bird
Dick Ochs
Margie




Editors
The Washington Free Press
Number Three Thomas Circle
Washington, D.C. 20005

Dear Sirs:

At 411 East Capital Street there's a friendly and very reasonably priced art gallery with some very good stuff for sale -- to hang on your wall or in your garden or around your neck or coffee in. Gallery De Haines is pretty new and it will only survive with publicity, which is expensive. What can be spent has apparently already been spent, but the Big Newspaper with whom they contracted for space inadvertently misplaced their ads.

Maybe this isn't in your line, but it seemed to me that it might be: that the values represented by this very accessible (both geographically and economically) art forum are the values you represent, in the political sphere. It's a sort of grass roots operation that ought to make it without the condescension of the Washington Aesthetic Establishment. It deserves exposure, a trial. If you could send someone out to write about it or just print this letter, I think you would be in a sense serving your own cause.

Yours,
Anne Sheldon

P.S. I'm not connected. The gallery is owned by Pamela De Gaines. I came across it because my mother has some stuff exhibited there.

P.S.S. Their telephone number is 546-7196.

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# The white Panthers

by Eddy P. Bonetti

At least some white revolutionaries are starting to get their shit together. The White Panther Party, a newly formed revolutionary organization has named its first Central Committee and stated its program. At their first formal meeting the Committee affirmed it's solidarity with Eldridge Cleaver and the 13 mad bombers of Detroit, who were busted recently for "conspiracy to place explosives with intent to cause damage".

The White Panther's talk like they're bad shit: "We have been shown no mercy and we will grant none untill all harassment of all citizens is stopped and the brontosaraus capitalist economy smashed to smithereens. We mean it." Action, brothers of the White Panther Party, is the heart beat of the revolution. DO IT! DO IT! The Whole World Is Watching!!!!!!!!

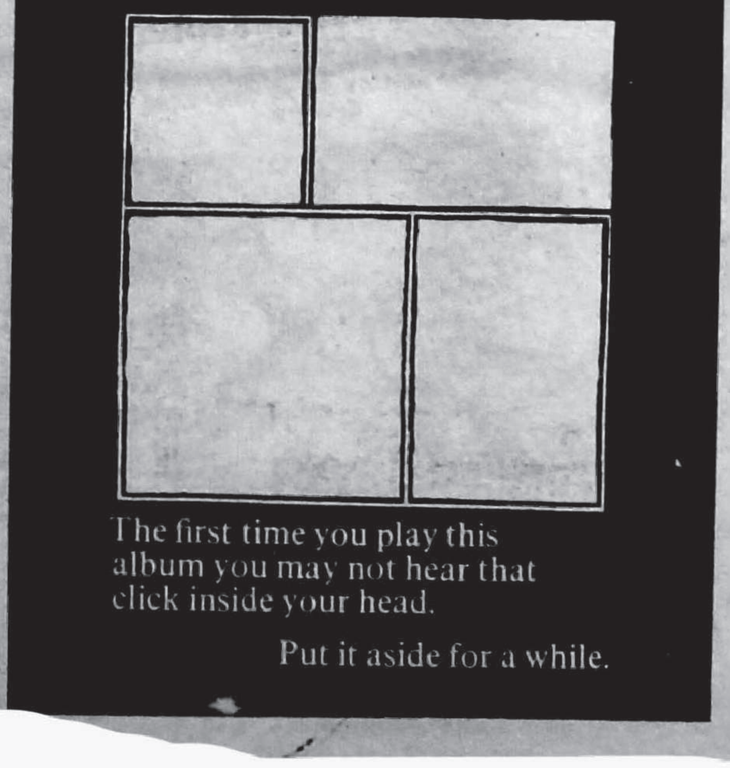
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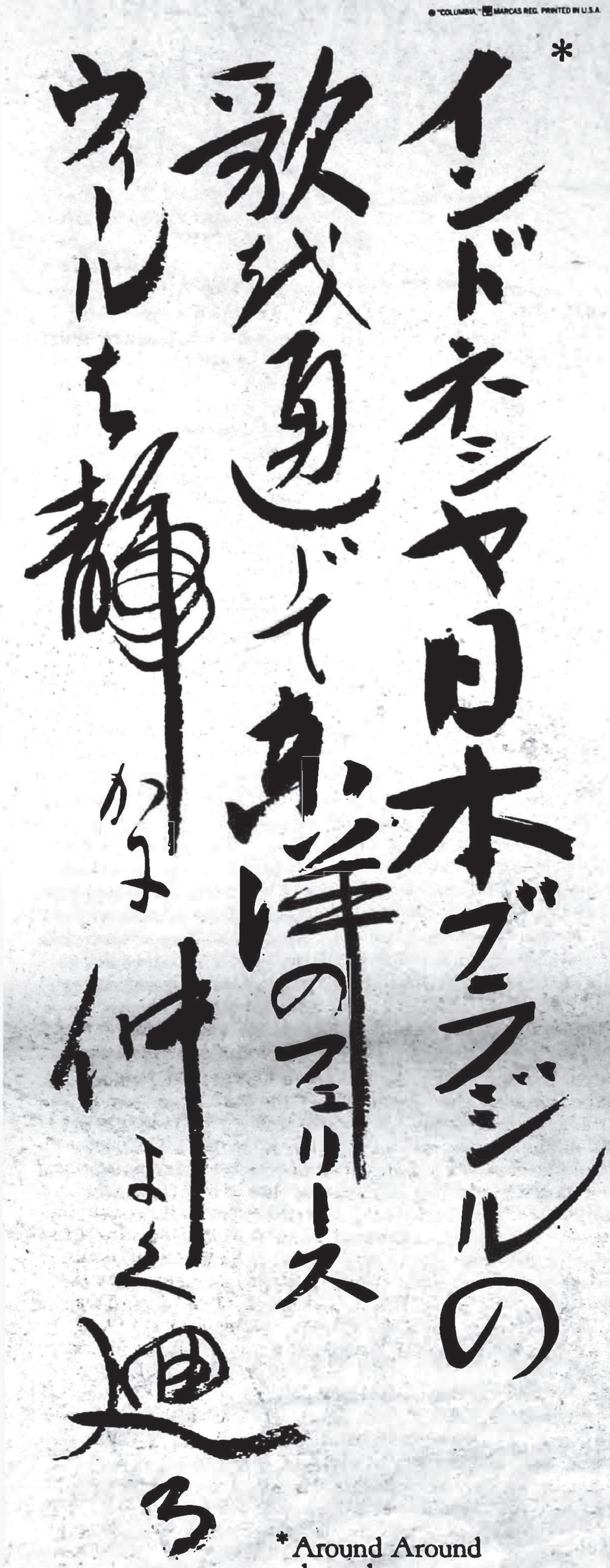
For more information on the White Panthers write: Trans-Love Energies
1510 Hill Street
Ann Arbor, Mich 48104

# Program

1. Full endorsement and support of Black Panther Party's 10-Point Program.
2. Total assault on the culture by any means necessary, including rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets.
3. Free exchange of energy and materials -- we demand the end of money.
4. Free food, clothes, housing, dope, music, bodies, medical care -- everything.
5. Free access to information media -- free the technology from the greed creeps.
6. Free time and space for all humans -- dissolve all unnatural boundaries.
7. Free all schools and all structures from corporate rule -- turn the buildings over the people at once.
8. Free all prisoners at once -- they are our brothers.
9. Free all soldiers at once -- no more conscripted armies.
10. Free the people from their "leaders" -- leaders suck -- all power to all the people -- freedom means free everyone.











# ROLLING STONES



LONDON (PWS) -- Beatle John Lennon is scheduled to head the list of guest stars set for The Rolling Stones' first television special, "The Rolling Stones' Rock And Roll Circus". Lennon, along with Eric Clapton, Keith Richard, and Mitch Mitchell of The Jimi Hendrix Experience, will form a supergroup especially for the show.

Other pop people expected to appear in the special include Marianne Faithful, Brigitte Bardot, Jane Fonda, Candice Bergen, Jethro Tull, Doctor John, Taj Mahal, and The Who. The Stones have announced that while they are producing the special they will have the help of professionals from the television field in an effort to make the show a "saleable product". The group is attempting to avoid making any of the mistakes The Beatles made in their special "The Magical Mystery Tour" last year at this time. Although no figures have been given on the cost of the production, it is high enough so that the show will have to be sold to the U.S. market as well as to all of Europe before a profit is realized.

Besides appearing in the "Circus", Lennon's present plans include writing another book, designing a calendar, making a film, and recording an album. The book will be centered around the replies he received when he released balloons with labels attached to them during an art exhibition at the Robert Fraser Gallery in London last summer. Each balloon label carried a message, "You are here -- write to the Robert Fraser Gallery." Replies came in from as far away as Hungary according to Beatle press officer Derek Taylor in a recent interview in Disc and Music Echo here.

The calendar, which will be marketed in America as well as Britain, contains sketches by Lennon. Each drawing depicts a major event that happened to The Beatles during 1968. Other Lennon projects, most of which will probably be done with the assistance of Yoko Ono, include the possibility of a film showing at the London Cinema of Contemporary Arts. Album plans, aside from recording with The Beatles, will probably also be done with Yoko Ono and sources close to Lennon say that he is considering an LP based on his stay in hospital with Yoko recently when she suffered her miscarriage.

# traffic

LONDON (PWS) -- Dave Mason, the multi-instrumentalist who parted company with Traffic just before the group itself finally broke up, announced his plans for the formation of a completely new group this week which will include other ex-Traffic members, Jimi Capaldi and Chris Wood.

The other member of the new group will be organist Mick Weaver. Weaver is widely known throughout Europe under his stage name, Wynder K. Frog. The new group will be called Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Frog. The aim of the group, according to Mason, is to become established not so much as a group but more as four individual musicians. He stresses that this by no means is an attempt to reincarnate Traffic.

Although Mason insists that the group will have no "leader", it seems certain that he will be the initial focal point. The group will begin recording their first album and single with Rolling Stones-Traffic producer Jimmy Miller in early January, as soon as Mick Weaver has completed his current booking commitments as Wynder K. Frog.

The first American tour of Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Frog is set for March, by which time they hope to have completed negotiations for a U.S. label. In England, the group will be on the same label as Traffic was, Island Records.

# rascals

NEW YORK (PWS) -- The Rascals have announced a new concert policy. They will not appear in concert anywhere unless half of the acts on the bill are black. "We can't control the audience", said Felix Cavaliere, Rascal organist, "but we can be sure the show is integrated. So, from now on, half of the acts will be white, half black, or we stay home." The group also announced that they would be turning down any "establishment" television offers. "We think there are more things that are important than money, and quite frankly we're tired of seeing producers come at good groups and tell them to do a fast three minutes and then split," the group stated. They plan only educational television and Smothers Brothers appearances from now on in.

# YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET

Charles Ives, Second Piano Sonata "Concord, Mass., 1840-60", John Kirkpatrick, pianist. Columbia MS 7192.

Elliot Carter, Variations for Orchestra, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz, cond.; Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras, Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano, English Chamber Orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Columbia MS 7191.

Recorded documentation of difficult 20th Century music in excellent performance is growing rapidly. Five years ago, the music on these new Columbia releases would have interested only specialists. But as the pictureof avant-gardec omposer Karlheinz Stockhausen on the cover of Sargent Pepper testifies, an important interchange of ideas and material is taking place between rock musicians and composers of new music. The composer who makes use of advanced techniques no longer writes for a cult, and a record of his music as well-performed as these releases can expect a large and sympathetic audience.

Charles Ives's Concord Sonata was described after its first complete public performance at Town Hall in New York as "the greatest music composed by an American." Although the piece was composed by 1915, this premiere did not take place until 1939, because the work's formidable technical difficulty frightened off pianists. In the late twenties, however, John Kirkpatrick, the pianist and musicologist who performs it on the present recording, resolved to master it, and spent the next ten years wrestling with the music.

The 45-minute Sonata is probably more complex than any keyboard work written before it, and its difficulties are transcendent. Fists and a block of wood are used to attack the keys, and short optional passages (omitted in this performance) are provided for viola and flute. The work is in four sections, each characterizing a writer who lived in Concord, Massachusetts during the years 1840-1860. The music for Emerson is craggy and monumental; Hawthorne emerges as a demonic and fantastic collage of hymns, popular tunes and ragtime; the Alcotts are lyrical; and Thoreau serence and meditative.

While learning to play the piece, Kirkpatrick became a close personal friend of Ives. In his performance he deviates from the published score, which he bases on discussions with the composer and performances of the work Ives himself gave in his Danbury, Connecticut home. Some of these emendations will come as a shock to listeners who know the work from the score or from previous recordings, but Ives disliked imprisoning his music in notation, and always stressed its open character, encouraging improvisation.

Of the five recordings of the Concord Sonata, this new one seems the best. Kirkpatrick made an earlier one on 78's in the forties (available briefly on LP as Columbia ML 4960) which was fine, but sounded like it was recorded over the phone. A 1961 performance on Time Records (Time s/8005) by German avant garde pianist Aloys Kontarsky is technically perfect with every note in its proper place, but so dehumanized and mechanical that it is more suggestive of Armonk, New York 1950-69 than Concord, Mass. (1840-60). George Pappa-Stavrou's beautiful performance recorded for CRI in 1961 (CRI/150, mono only) is my second choice, although CRI has reversed the two middle movements to solve timing problems, and the surfaces are so noisy that the record sounds hand-carved. Alan Mandel's highly idiomatic performance in Desto's 4-record set of the complete Ives piano music (Desto DST 6458-6461) is a fine achievement, but doesn't have the technical authority of the new Kirkpatrick performance, although it includes both the viola and flute obbligati.

Among the first composers to appreciate and really investigate the music of Ives was Elliot Carter. His 1939 article on the Concord Sonata is still one of the best, and any page of Carter's music after the Piano Sonata of 1945-46 reveals Ivesean rhythmic ideas rethought and adapted to Carter's personal style. As with Ives, Carter's demands on his performers are merciless. Since he is a perfectionist who has voiced dissatisfaction with previous recordings of his work, Columbia Records invited him to supervise recordings of two of his major works: the Variations for Orchestra (1955) and the Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras (1961). Each has had one previous commercial recording. The Variations were a Louisville commission, and under the terms of that commission were recorded on Louisville 58-3 with Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Symphony Orchestra. The Double Concerto was once available on Epic BC 1157 with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Charles Rosen, piano, and Gustav Meier, conductor.

The Variations are the most accessible of Carter's major works. Commissioned for an orchestra, which although competent is by no means a top-flight outfit, Carter makes concessions in the form of less virtuosic instrumental writing and a simpler texture than is usual for his music. The listener's wig is not immediately snapped by the great mass of modulating polyrhythms characteristic of Carter's recent style, and he is therefore eased into the work of a difficult but major composer. Carter says of his Variations, "I have tried to give musical expression to experience anyone living today must have when confronted with so many remarkable examples of unexpected types of changes and relationships of character uncovered in the human sphere by psychologists and novelists, in the life cycle of insects and certain marine animals by biologists, indeed in every domain of science and art." The new performance conducted by Frederik Prausnitz, one of the unsung heroes of modern music, realizes Carter's aim. A murky brass and low string passage will suddenly flash an irridescent violin harmonic, and Carter's fascination with unexpected change is underscored. My one quibble is with the crescendo in the penultimate variation, where the texture should be a little cleaner A very important secondary pulse set up by the trumpets is swallowed by the orchestra and the rhythmic tension is lost. Other than this, the tempos are generally faster than in the Louisville performance, and seem more suitable. The performance is, on the whole, all that Carter could ask.

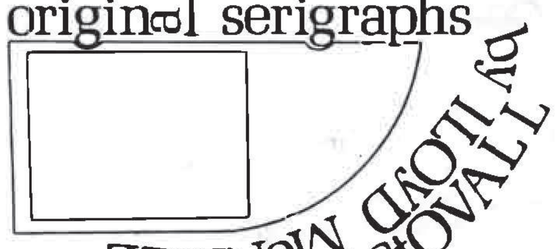
The real treasure of this record lies on side two, however. Even the vitriolic Stravinsky admits that, along with Carter's amazing Piano Concerto of 1965, the Double Concerto is one of the real masterpieces of modern music. In this work the trend toward complexity in music reaches one of its peaks, and many listenings are required for the listener to crack it. The work, like most of Carter's chamber music, is conceived as a scenario. The instruments are assigned personalities determined by individual traits of timbre, rhythm and harmony, and they are made to converse and interact like characters in a play. Carter conceives the beginning of the Double Concerto as analagous to Lucrecius's De Rerum Natura, where the atoms assemble themselves to form the universe. As the piece begins, the various motives that determine the characters of the piano and harpsichord and the respective chamber orchestras crystallize out of a chaos of pitchless percussion. In the course of the antiphonal work, the two factors, each comprised of one keyboard instrument and its accompanying chamber orchestra, are given dialogues, soliloquies in the form of cadenzas, and finally are allowed to disintegrate again. The percussion solo immediately preceding the coda should, according to the score, increase to forte fortissimo. It does not build sufficiently, however, and as a consequence the crashing entrance of the coda is overweighted. This one miscalculation aside, however, the performance is revelatory. Paul Jacobs as harsichordist and Charles Rosen as pianist have been playing this work for years, having given it its first public performance under Gunther Schuller in New York in 1965. The English Chamber Orchestra plays beautifully, and although Carter suggests a second conductor to help with rhythmic difficulties, Prausnitz does the job perfectly alone.

Recorded sound on both releases is excellent, but, as with all Columbia records, surface noise is a problem. Why did Columbia discontinue packing the records in polyethylene sleeves about a year ago? If bargain labels like Turnabout can afford them, why not CBS, whose moneyed fingers extend into every pie in the communications field? And who do they have packing these records -- Saint Bernards? In Germany, where quality control is quality control, DGG is manufacturing records with flawless surfaces. Why not here?

By Robert Halliday

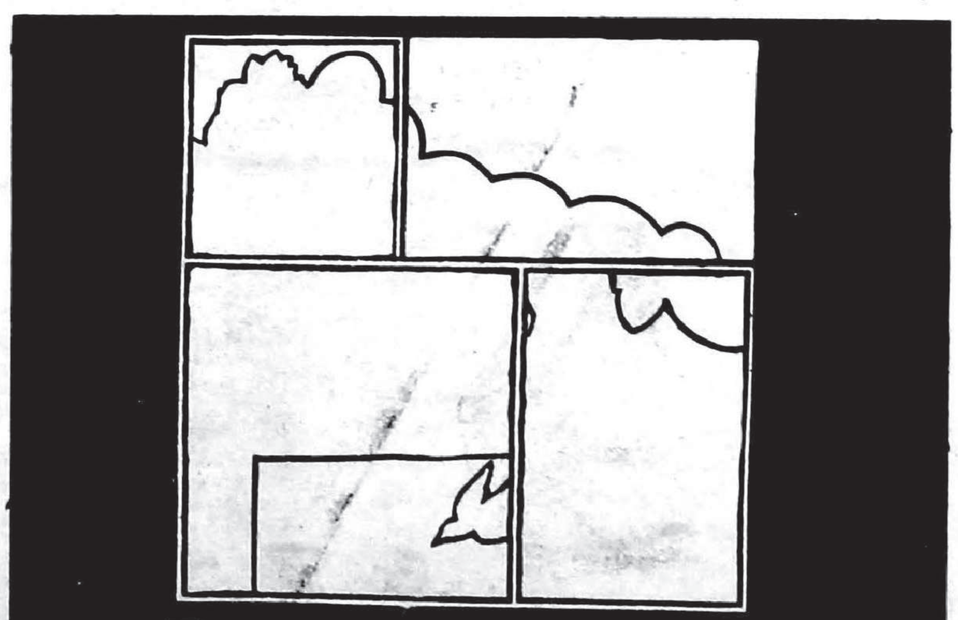
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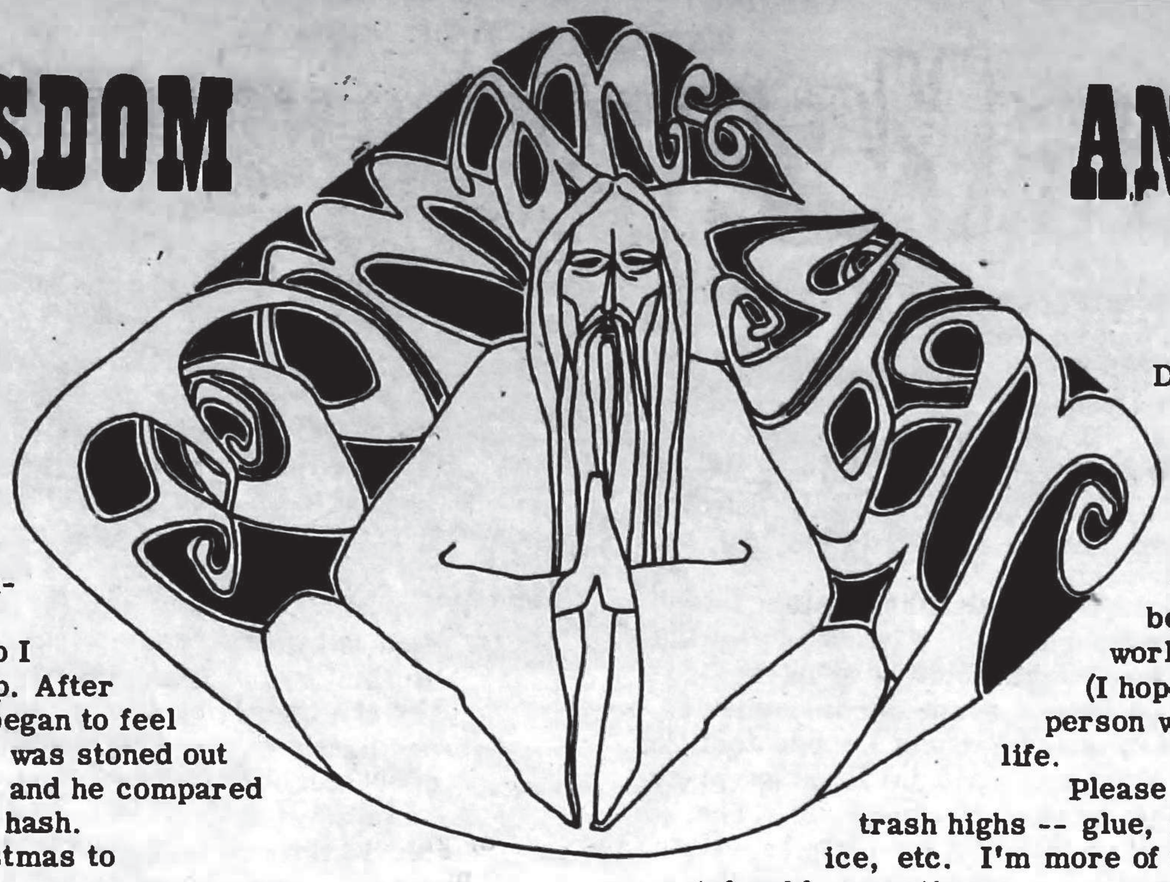
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# BLESSED WISDOM AND STORY



Dear Fooman,
Good dope should be potent, legal, and relatively safe to the user.

You might want to look into the possibilities offered bv the anti-histimine drugs as chlorpheniramine maleate. This drug is contained in several patent medicines for coughs and couds, i.e. Romilar cough syrup, coricidin, etc.

A short time ago I had a bad cold so I bought a bottle of Romilar cough syrup. After one swig, my cough went away and I began to feel pretty good. After a few more swigs I was stoned out of my mind. A friend tried some too, and he compared the effects to blowing a pipe of strong hash.

Merry Christmas to
All the Heads
Ed. H. Jr.

Dear Ed:

Don't look forward to legal dope of any sort, let alone good potent drugs. The essence of the black market is to provide contraband articles to the public that wants them. Any legalization of drugs in America would be a compromise with the people instead of giving it exactly what it wants. If marijuana were to be legalized, then most likely LSD would still be outlawed. Basically, no government has the right to do your thinking for you; even if it reconsiders and decides that only one or two of the previously illegal dope is now in favor with (and taxable) to the government.

It wasn't chlorpheniramine that stoned your mind when you drank the Romilar· you were experiencing that Amazing Stone of Dextromethorphan Hydrobromide. Destromethorphan Hydrobromide (or more comfortably- DM) is an invention from the sinister narcotic producing mind of man, and was created as a substitute for Morphine. This artificial Morphine is used in most major cough syrups to replace Codeine, which scares suburban mothers from buying a real Narcotic for their five-year old little girl. Actually, DM is probably just as bad, although it is not as addicting. You may recall that you have never seen Codeine syrups advertised; this is because our lawmakers didn't extend the American right to advertise to the narcotics and drug companies want to sell everyone cough syrup. So they merely use a new synthetic dope and tell you proudly on the tube that it is "as effective as codeine," yet non-narcotic." Drinking DM extends the frontiers of narcotics into the realm of Psychedelics. A DM trip produces a drunken euphoria, hallucinations in vivid color, and an incredibly bad breath.

Cough syrup can be a drag after a while, so don't do it more than once a year.

F.Z.

Dear Fooman;

I know this must be a big put-on-so-you're going to get a good laugh out of this- but I want to get some grass & I don't know where to get it or how to go about it. I flipped out once on grass with a friend... if you're not in hysterics by now, tell me what I should do?

Jill

Dear Jill,

Did you really expect me to tell you where you can get marijuana? Actually, it is very much against the law to sell it, so I don't think anyone will ever tell you that unless 1) they know you very well 2) they see you smoke it and 3) want to open themselves to a possible five to ten years in prison( In Georgia you can get the death penalty for selling marijuana to a minor!) Good luck on your own, and let me know if you do score.

F.Z.

Dear Foo;
What's the stroy of synthetic hash? Where can I get some, or in layman's terms how do you make it?

J.C.

Dear J.C.

As I just finished saying, I really can not print on the pages of the newspaper where you can commit a felony. It is decidedly bad karma. However, the story on synthetic hash is another episode in the never ending struggle by man to try to out-do nature. Scientists were rather amazed after decomposing marijuana to find that the active ingredient was not an alkaloid (almost every drug that one can take is an alkaloid, or near alkaloid) and that there wasn't just one, but a combination of ingredients in the form of resins that vary in quantity and quality depending on the climate, seasonal weather, soil fertility, sunlight, rainfall, etc. So, they proceeded to manufacture the most prevalent of the resins, which is named Tetrahydrocannibinol.

Dear Fooman:

I love you too. I've read four of your rags on drugs, but the one on H, I appreciate the most. I've been wanting to try it, but I know better now. The psychedelic world is much better. I'll always (I hope) be grateful to the beautiful person who turned me on to so much in life.

Please write about the so-called trash highs -- glue, freon, amyl nitrate, instant ice, etc. I'm more of a purist, but these can be tolerable sometimes.

My first trip was on morning glory seeds. It was extremely powerful, more so than too many people realize: I didn't do anything about the strychnine except take dramamine, so this might have had something to do with it: I've taken acid twice. The second acid was on rice paper, and I kept getting allergic reactions to it, which are very uncool.

Whether you're one person or a union of several heads writing the articles, keep going. I wish you could respond, but it really doesn't matter.

Janis

Dear Janis,
Nothing that my mail has sent me has given me more relief and satisfaction than seeing that my article on Heroin has kept someone, somewhere, from doing it. I tried to be very careful when doing that not to lecture people against doing Heroin, or to condemn them. The simple truth is good enough, and that is that No one uses Heroin just one time; It will addict you; and if you can surmount the impossible and kick it, for the rest of your life you will be super-sensitive to opiates, and addiction of any sort. It is a daily battle for ex-junkies to keep off of it. When you do Heroin you literally fall in love with that white powder that can grip your mind from the inside of you soul and turn you into a cadaver of pleasure oriented self-fulfillment that never ends. If you can dig marrying a drug, then that is Heroin, for you make love to smack three or four times a day, every day for the rest of your life. And she is a jealous wife...

The trash highs are another typically American phenomenon of where the Government would rather see you dead than high, so by outlawing natural paths to a different state of mind and soul, they force you to ingest corrosive, paralyzing, poisonous chemicals on your search to discover who you are. Glue contains a hydrocarbon solvent, which while dissolving plastic, also has the same properties of dissolving you. Its actions are irreversible when done over just a short span of time, to your lungs, liver, kidneys, and most of all-your brain. I have seen glue heads whose minds were functioning at the level of an eight year old child, who lived in a world of fantasy that boils over from the ossified crust of their minds. Yech. Glue has got to be the lowest form of dope a man can take.

Freon, instant ice, and the air from areosol cans work in much the same way, they asphixiate you. In other words, instead of breathing air, you breath in freon for instance. This means that your lungs are deprived of oxygen, and it is the lack of oxygen that produces what people think as a high, and not the freon itself.

This is similar to drowning, being strangled, or a slit throat. The effects it produces are rapid breathing (your lungs trying ing to seek some oxygen), increased heart beat, and eventually dizziness. Needless to say, if you pass out in a closed container of freon, or anything else like that, you shall not wake up. In suburban Maryland, a few days before President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963, a teenage boy died while sniffing glue. He had passed out while his head was in a bag, and he died from lack of oxygen.

Perhaps the worst of all is Carbon Tetra-Chloride, or known as Carbona. This is a cleaning fluid that is an amazingly effective organic solvent, that is, it dissolves the types of molecule that all life on earth is composed of. This is a actual poison! Carbona kills your body fast, so that if you do survive sniffing it, you have already done damage that can not be healed. It is impossible to sniff carbon tetrachloride without destroying a major segment of yourself each time. For as the liver detoxifies it, it is dissolved away into your urine. So unless you dig the thought of pissing out in liquid form your vital organs, forget about carbona.. Don't even use it as a cleaning fluid, because it is dangerous even in that that aspect.

Footman is really one person, who has seen and done things that I know must be said to others. To both keep their health and mind, and to open new doors of infinite living that may be found with the aid of some chemicals that God (who is everything) made along with us. And God as the Life on Earth.

F.Z.

# REACHING ZEN BY SELF

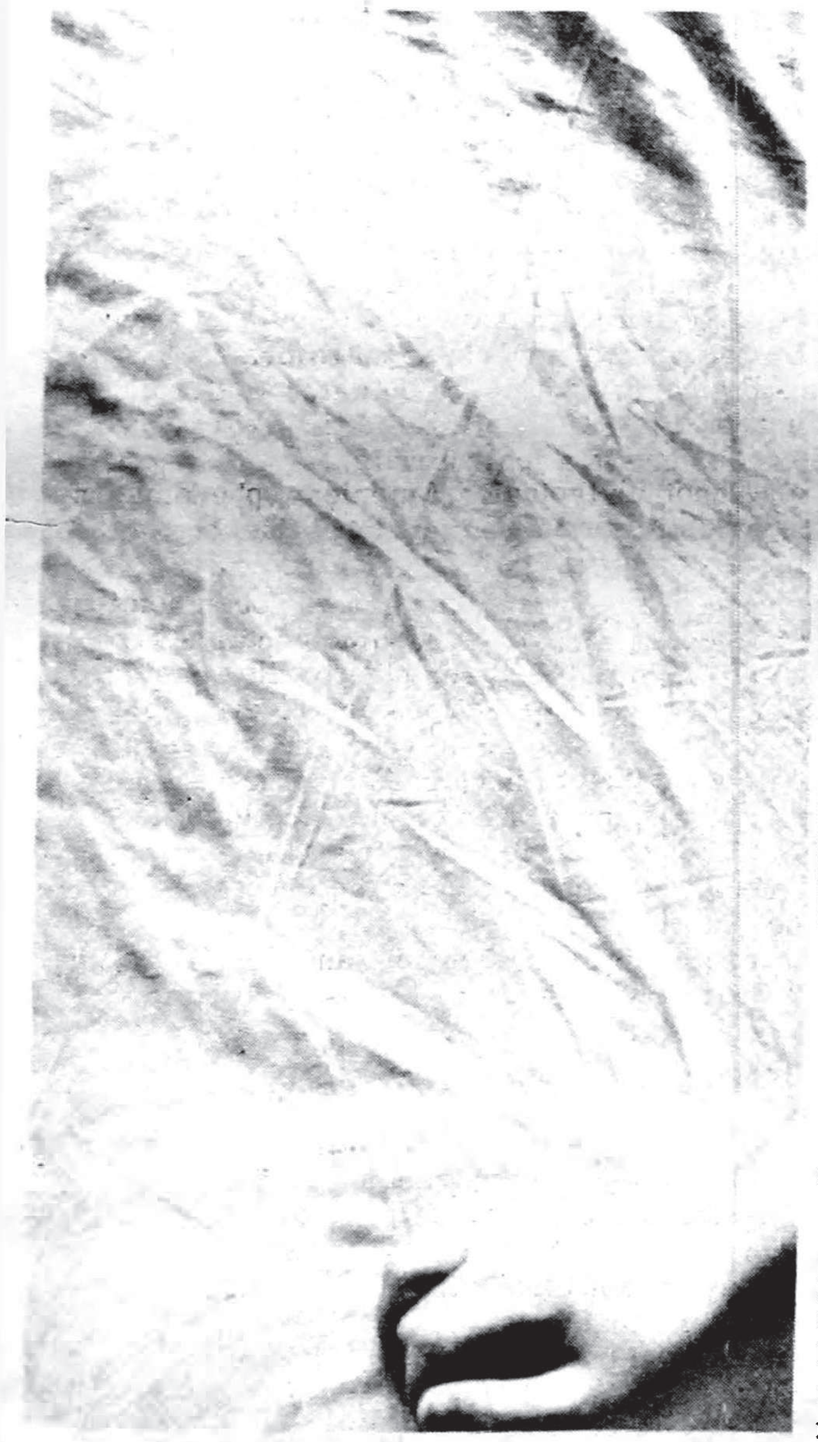
by John James

On Meditation (Edward Maupin, Ph.D., Esalen Monograph Series, 1967; Esalen Institute, Big Sur, Calif., 23 pages, $1.00) is for the person willing to spend one-half to one hour per day in meditation and who would like advice on procedures. Dr. Maupin describes several related methods derived from the Zen discipline. The goal is not intense satori experiences, but increased awareness of one's ordinary mental processes and ability to manage the distractions, busy-ness, and anxieties based on fantasies. The basic methods involve entering a state where thoughts and distractions are greatly reduced while an alert, observing attitude is maintained.

This summary is intended to provide enough instructions for someone to begin, though for serious continued work the pamphlet is strongly recommended.

"The position used in meditation is important. It should be such that you can let go and relax in it, yet not fall asleep. The relaxation is not the totally heavy kind that you get when you lie down, but is balanced and consistent with alertness."

Eyes should be open and unfocused, pointed a few feet ahead. (The Yoga practice of closing the eyes leads more easily into a trance state than to wakeful awareness.)



"The techniques presented are fairly simple ones, classically used in the early stages of training. You may wish to experiment with more than one to find which is the most suitable for you. They are all suitable for daily use for between a half hour and an hour. Although they are apparently different, they all seem to aim at increasing awareness of what is happening inside and making possible a detached look. It is extremely misleading to strive toward any particular state of mind, but all of these exercises will sometimes make possible a detached look. It is extremely misleading to strive toward any particular state of mind, but all of these exercises will sometimes make possible a state of clear, relaxed awareness in which the flow of thought is reduced and an attitude of detached observation is maintained. In contrast with the usual thinking activity, which carries one off into abstractions or fantasies, this observing attitude keeps close contact with the here-and-now of experience. Thoughts are not prevented, but are allowed to pass without elaboration. It is not a blind state or a trance, and it is different from sleep. It involves deep physical relaxation as well as letting-go of the usual psychological busy-ness. Actually, one discovers very early how closely psychological and physical relaxation are related.

"How you handle distractions is extremely important. Do not try to prevent them. Just patiently bring your attention back again and again to the object of your meditation. This detaching from fantasies and thoughts and outside stimuli is some of the most important work of meditation. If you attempt to prevent distractions some other way, you may get into unproductive blank states, or get distracted by the task of preventing distractions, or get tense. If you patiently return to the meditation.



gradually your attention to the object will replace the distractions, and your physical relaxation will make it possible for the flow of thoughts to decrease.

"It is also very important that you not have some preconceived notion of what should happen in a "good" session. You may become relaxed and clear, but you may also remain tense and distracted, or you may discover extremely painful kinds of experience. Allowing yourself to be honestly aware of what you experience is more constructive than the most pleasant relaxation."

Several techniques involve breathing. "Breathing is a function which may be either voluntarily or involuntarily controlled. To meditate on breathing, then, is to deal with how you allow your spontaneity to flow."

"Sit with a straight back and relax. Let your breathing become relaxed and natural, so that the movement is mainly in the abdomen. Then keep your attention on this movement."

Maupin also gives some more advanced breathing techniques from Zen.

Another kind of exercise is to resolve to make no conscious thoughts or efforts, but focus one's attention on the contents of consciousness, and observe how one's mind generates the endless sequence of distractions and busy-ness.

Other methods focus the attention on an external object; perhaps a vase, or:

"Place yourself face to face with another person. Look at him and be aware when your mind wanders. Be aware when you treat his face like an object, a design, or play perceptual games with it. Distortions may appear which tell you what you project into the relationship: angels, devils, animals and all the human possibilities may appear in his face. Eventually you may move past these visual fantasies into the genuine presence of another human being."

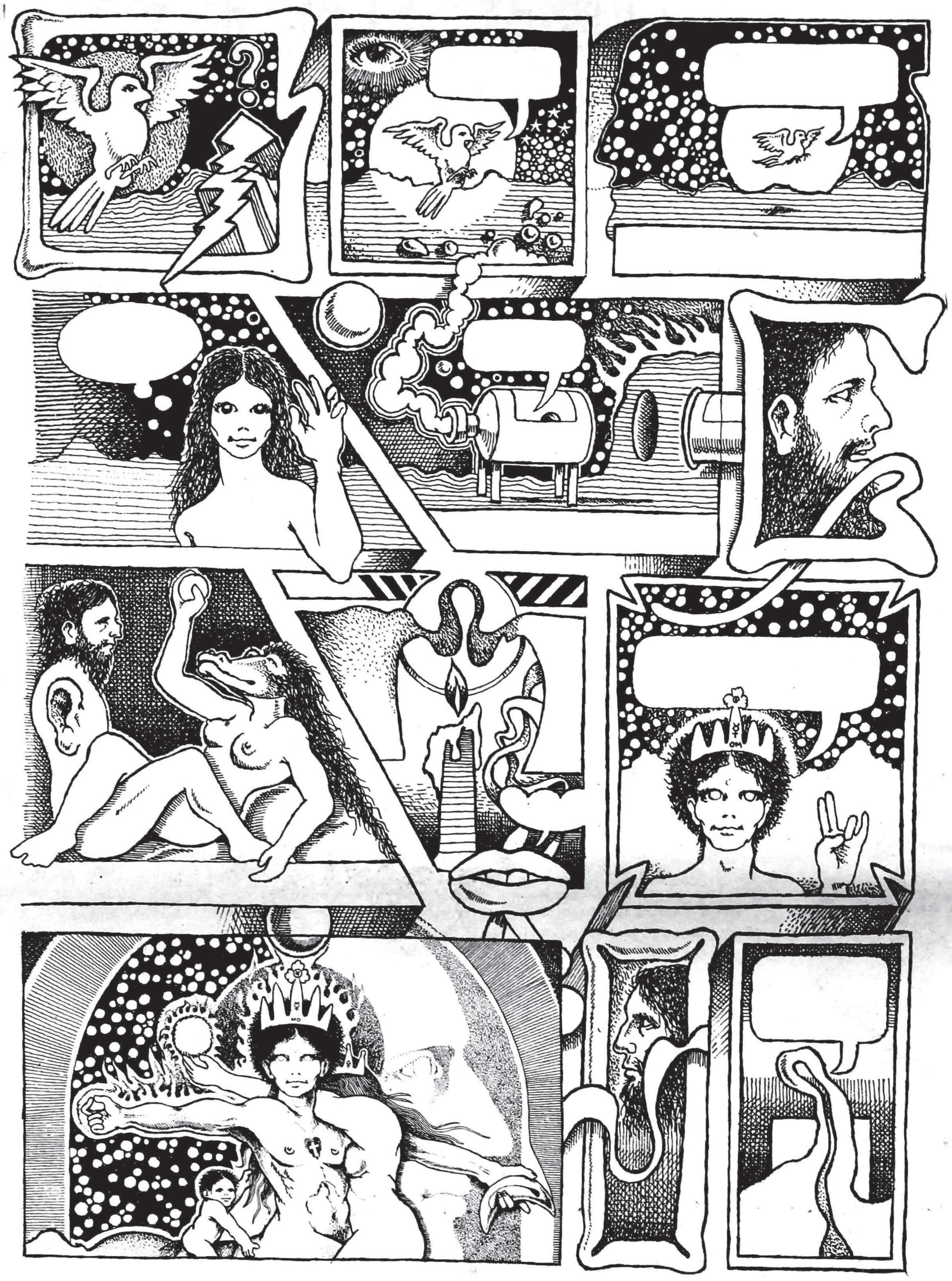
This attitude can also be brought into sexual intercourse.

Another section of the pamphlet discusses the arguments against meditation: that it can produce passive, withdrawn individuals, and that the meditative attitude should be part of one's whole life al-



though special exercises and positions are not appropriate. Maupin also mentions certain advanced techniques which require supervision, such as tantric yoga, kundalini yoga, and the use of koans or paradoxes in some sects of Zen Buddhism. He summarizes a meditation experiment he did with college students as subjects. They had been given psychological tests before the experiment, and Maupin found "The most responsive subjects were the most comfortable with ambiguity. They gave responses to the Rorschach ink blots which departed from tightly logical modes of thought, yet had a comfortable, creative, and well-controlled tone.... It appears that a person's attention or concentration skills are likely to be sufficient for meditation provided he is relatively unafraid of ambiguous or unconventional experience."





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(Names Kept Strictly Confidential)

# sexual caste system cont'd

But some little girls do not. They strive for physical and intellectual competence, but not because these are a good in themselves. They resent discrimination in education, the arts and employment and are frustrated rather than fulfilled by male domination but not for the reasons the black man in America reacts this way, not because of an essential human drive to

activity and self-realization; rather, because she perceives these male activities as a symbolic substitution for the penis of which she was robbed in infancy. (You'd think they were hard to come by.)

It might seem more plausible to explain a neurotic desire for the freedom entailed in the male role than to explain a desire for "male" freedom as a symbolic repossession of a sypothetical lost penis. But it is observable in the sociology of knowledge that the "free and unbiased" pursuit of scientific truth seems to lead inexorably in every era to a rationalization of the power relations of that era.

Let us honour Freud's undisputable genius in some areas by dedicating the first solution to him. Any woman who, in her infancy, misinterpreted the differences between the sexes must say lovingly but firmly to the child that still exists in her,



mental accoulation, "Little girls are like little boys turned inside out, so they can fit together."

TOWARD LIBERATION

But with that behind her, she is still far from ready to consider what it means, not to be a woman, but to be a free human being. A woman must climb out of the social and psychicological box of the role definitions which she has accepted without examination all of her life. Until this conditioning is seen and understood consciously, we are not able to evaluate the female role and choose to accept or reject the dictates of its components. It must be intellectualized before we attempt the freedom to choose.

The columns of girls' and women's magazines are relatively easy to counteract compared to those forms of indoctrination which infiltrate our personalities on a less conscious level -- the animal instinct to imitate the mother, jokes, cartoons, movies, comics, fiction, and above all, advertising, where some of our culture's better intellects are assigned the task of identifying certain patterns of behaviour involving profits for their clients with grace, beauty, sexual felicity, power and love.

Women should undergo this process of self-examination with each other, but away from men. American Negro organizers have decided that the development of "black consciousness", liberation from white society's definition of the Negro, can only be inhibited by the assistance of even the best white organizers. Only after the Negro has confirmed his own identity will he have the assurance to form equal alliances with those whites who share his struggle for political democracy and social justice.

Similarly, women must fortify themselves against the punishment of the male chauvinist and the paternalism of the male liberal.

Once women have shared the process of self-discovery and the experience of independent decision-making, they are ready for the real struggle.

NOT "BATTLE OF THE SEXES"

This is not a struggle against men. The phrase "The Battle of the Sexes" was not coined to describe the female liberation movement. It applies to the underhanded sometimes terrible revenge women exact from men for their frustrations. Jiggs and Dagwood are not victims of free women, but of women who are playing the game.

Listen to the jokes at a pre-nuptial stag; play Ritual Murder (contact bridge) with suburbanites; read statistics on divorce frigidity, impotence, child-beating, psychosomatic illness and nervous breakdown; watch your parents' friends. And be assured that men will not suffer from an initiative by women to change their relationship to men and society.

Frequent intellectual flirtations with lesbianism mark the writing of feminists who pursue very deeply the implications of their own thinking -- e.g., The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir. The poverty of the solution mustn't distract from the size of the problem.

Who does a free woman sleep with?

It would bore her and unhinge him.

Women cannot be free until men are free. A less facetious look at George is no less discouraging. He still needs to feel resourceful, competent and useful in a world which denies him a social context for his work that will fulfill these needs. He needs work that is honourable, significant, and challenging. He needs schools that do not smother his brain. He needs training and opportunity for his creative talents.

Or else he needs Martha and we can be Marthas no more.

How are the young cared for in a society that offers no alternative to female indentureship? Where do women work in an economy with 5-10% unemployment and frequent recessions?

The problems of women are problems of the whole society; the solutions for women lie in solving far-ranging social problems. But this involves nothing short of a revolutionary restructuring of the most basic institutions in society -- the tax structures that can give us parks and nursery schools, the economy that can give us jobs, the schools and the arts. The task is almost too great to be contemplated. One shrinks from it.

Except for this. There is freedom in the striving.



# RIOTS!

RIOTS AND REBELLION: CIVIL VIOLENCE IN THE URBAN COMMUNITY
Louis H. Masotti and Don R. Bowen (ed.)
Sage Publications, 1968, $8.50, 459 pages.

Masotti and Bowen have put together a large book that suffers from irrelevancy and a need to prove that social studies is science: the authors they have assembled all use social science jargon; their research is largely financed by the federal government, and their method is what C. Wright Mills called abstracted empiricism using all possible up-to-date machine technology. Much of the data is untouched by human hands. It is a confused book where scientificism and empirical data are used to smother and avoid critical issues.

The articles range from silly simplistic slogans such as the seven C's by Laue: challenge; conflict; crisis; confrontation; communication; compromise; and change, which he claims is the pattern of racial relations, but one wonders where the change is. Most articles are longer, more than 20 pages, and are filled with statistical tables and the rhetoric of modern social science, yet many make the simple point that riots are caused by the revolution of rising expectations. With the exception of a few pages excerpted from a long theoretical article by H. L. Nieburg. the book lacks a serious article about how violence occurs in America. But even worse, none of the articles even raise the question: Is violence in America related to American violence in the world? Finally, the book suffers very much from being ahistorical, giving no insight to violence and riots in our past.

## RIOTS U.S.A. 1765-1965

Willard A. Heaps
Seabury Press, 1966, $3.95, 186 pages.

RIOTS U.S.A., 1765-1965 begins to fill this historical abyss with a kind of journalistic (rather than scholarly) historical reporting which is generally very good and useful. Each chapter is about a different riot: political, religious, anti-foreigners, massacre of Chinese, labor, race, a police strike, the Bonous Army, prisons, and the civil rights movement. In each chapter the author gives a kind of overview, a narrative, about one of these specific riots, based on what I consider to be some of the best scholarly and reportorial material which has been long out-of-print or very difficult to find.

In reading Heaps' little book I found striking similarities throughout American history such as tearing draft records into bits during the 1863 draft riots, and burning them now. Writing about anti-Catholic riots and violence in the 1840's, he says. "The opposition stemmed from ignorance. It was assorted and seriously believed that the loyalty of the Irish would be owed to Rome and the Pope rather than to their new country and that cheap Irish labor would lower the American standard of living. The 'shanty' element were undesirable as citizens, their enemies contended, because they were intemperate, quarrelsome, and clannish. . . . Official inquires unanimously blamed the Catholics for provoking the disturbances. . . .The various investigating bodies proved to be anti-Catholic."

Heaps has made an important contribution. This is especially important because because there is so little else in print about riots and violence that saturate American history.





FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

1961--U.S. severs relations with Cuba.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4

EXHIBITION. Electronic Sculpture by Juan Downey. The Corcoran, 17th and New York Ave., NW. Thru January.
COFFEEHOUSE. The Iguana. Luther's Place Church, 14th and N. 9-12. 50¢.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5

TEA. International Student House, 1825 R St., NW. 4-6pm. All university students.
RADIO WASH. "1968, The Year in Review." 9:05-11 pm, followed by "The Sound of Dissent."

MONDAY, JANUARY 6

MOVING DAY for Washington Free Press. Come help! 10 am, 3 Thomas Circle.
ART SHOW. University of Maryland, Undergraduate Art Students Association, Montgomery Mall, Bethesda.
COP-IN FOR THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

Center for Emergency Support is organizing a teach-in on the police issue. Several films, ideas for discussion and speakers have already been suggested. Guerrilla theatre and a memorial service for those killed by the police are also being planned.

8 PM, at American University in the Spiritual Life Center Lounge. Come and bring others who want to work.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7

CONCERT. Washington National Symphony. Milton Katims, guest conductor. Gina Bachauer, pianist. Constitution Hall. 8:30 pm. Tickets $4.50-$2.50.
ART SHOW. See listing Jan. 6.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8

CONCERT. See listing Jan. 7.
ART SHOW. See listing Jan. 6.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9

LECTURE with demonstration "Increase Your Learning Power. Institute of Natural Science, 1726 Conn. Ave. $2.00, but if no bread, free.
TODAY IS RICHARD NIXON'S BIRTHDAY. You can't lick our Dick. Stay home and eat cake.
ART SHOW. See listing Jan. 6

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10

PARTY. Washington Free Press, St. Stephen's Church, 16 th and Newton, NW, 8:30pm. $1-10.
DANCE CONCERT. Anna Sokolow dance company, Lisner Auditorium, George Washington University, 8:30 pm, tickets $3, 3.75, 4.50.
CONCERT. National Society of the Classic Guitar presents Christopher Parkening. Barker Hall of YMCA. 17th and K, NW. 8:30 pm. Tickets $3 availabe from the Guitar Shop, 1816 M, Savile Bookshop in Georgetow and at the door.
COFFEEHOUSE. The Iguana, See Jan. 3.
DANCE. International student House. 1825 R St., NW 9-12 pm. All university students 50¢.
CONCERT. Leo Smit, pianist. Eudic Shapiro, violinist, Library of Congress. 8:30pm. Tickets 25¢. Available form Pat Hayes. 1300 G St., NW, 393-4463.
MOVIE. "Casino Royale." U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom, 7 and 9 pm. 35¢



SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

COFFEHOUSE. The Iguana. See Jan. 4.
MOVIE. See Jan. 10.
ART SHOW. See Jan. 6.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12

DISCUSSION. "Tom Paine-The Usable Past for Present Struggles." Washington Ethical Society Meeting House, 7750 16th St. NW. 10:45 am.
SERVICE. Contemporary Worship with the Ringshouters. Luther p Place Church. 1 pm.
TEA. See listing Jan. 5.
MOVIE. "Casino Royale." U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom. 7:30 pm. 35¢
ART SHOW. See listing Jan. 6.

MONDAY, JANUARY 13

BALLET. Romanian Folk Ballet and Orchestra. DAR Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm. Tichets $3.50--6.50.
LECTURE. Vo Van Ai, Paris representative of Vietnamese Buddhists and Masako Yamanouchi, Japanese relief worker with Vietnamese for two years. "South Vietnam Today: The People and the Politics." Catholic U, Caldwell Auditorium, 8 pm.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14

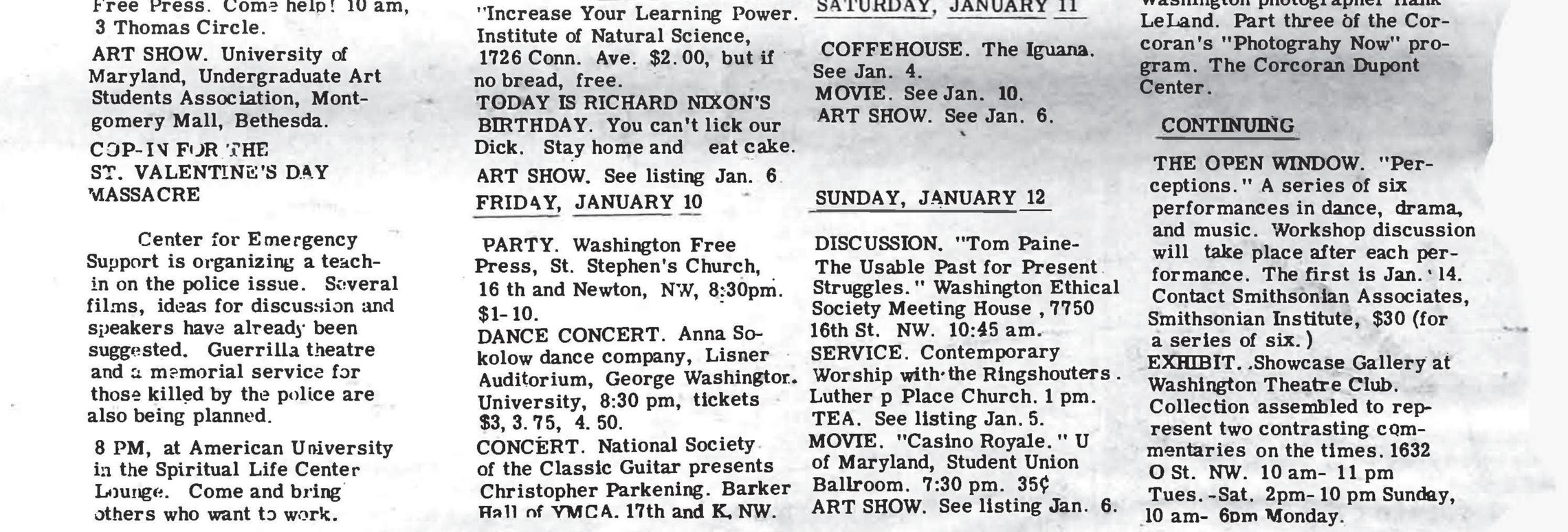
THE OPEN WINDOW--see Continuing.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15

EXHIBIT. Photographs by Washington photographer Hank LeLand. Part three of the Corcoran's "Photograhy Now" program. The Corcoran Dupont Center.

CONTINUING

THE OPEN WINDOW. "Perceptions." A series of six performances in dance, drama, and music. Workshop discussion will take place after each performance. The first is Jan. 14. Contact Smithsonian Associates, Smithsonian Institute, $30 (for a series of six.)
EXHIBIT. Showcase Gallery at Washington Theatre Club. Collection assembled to represent two contrasting commentaries on the times. 1632 O St. NW. 10 am-11 pm Tues.-Sat. 2pm-10 pm Sunday, 10 am-6pm Monday.



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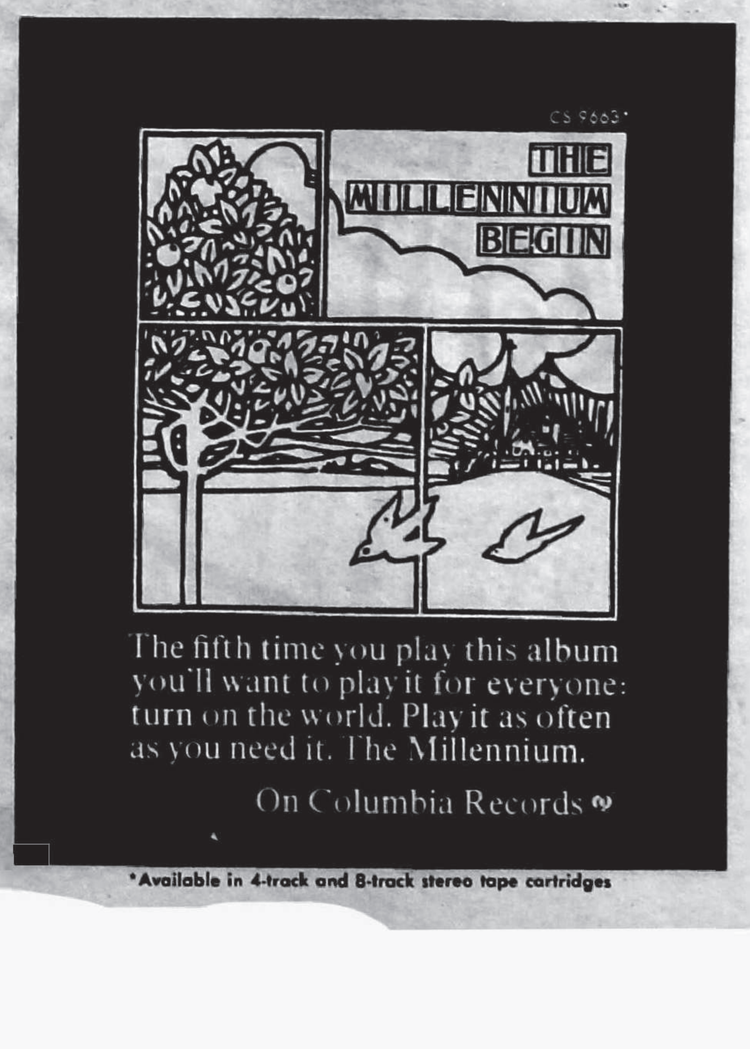

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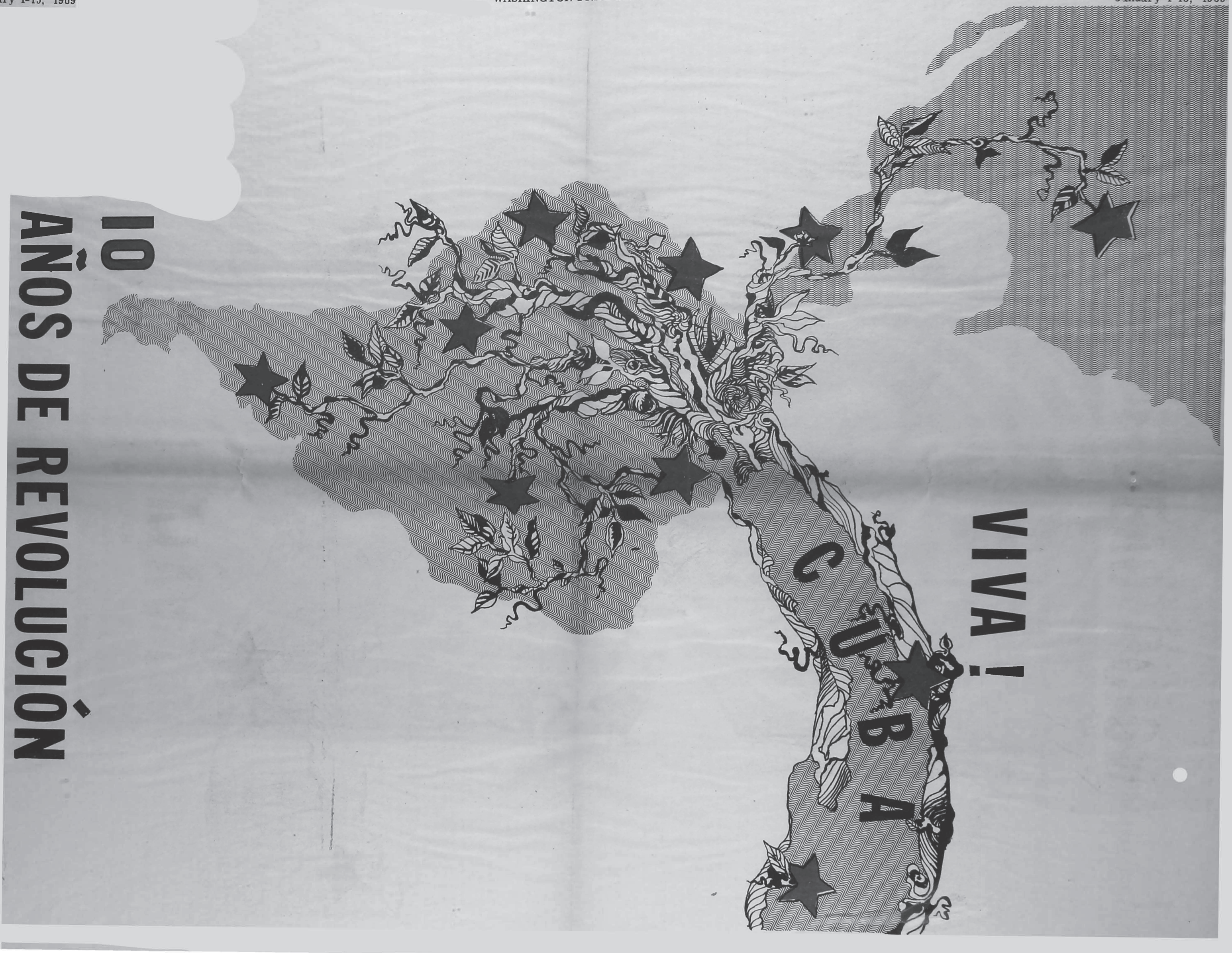
Free Press Co-op needs help desperately. We need tables, chairs, silverware, dishes, lamps and money.

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## All Watched Over By Machines Of Loving Grace

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

R. Brautigan



A Brief:

(to follow the primal course
of stream to its 'mergence
with the sea, deeper
than you or I my
friends will
ever know.)

Slow - to speech
Aragon
tears out his heart and places it
on the marble floor
in the center of the
ventricle of
Paris, and from his
heart
cascades
the new city --
the promise of tomorrow
as predicted
by Castor and Pollux:
"Wings to fly!"
("It's only water",
head, heart
and hands.)

Doe Woodward

## Dead Sleep

Man can never know
What he has never heard.
Nor remember
What was not yet touched.
And beggars fight in freezing lines
To buy their manhood on the street.
Too late to reconstruct the ashes
After they have burnt.
Too late to polish iron
That has rusted into dirt.

2
Dead sleep quiet in the sun
Dead sleep fire in the cold.
Filled with ocean's salty tales.
They sat and listened some
Then climbed up mountains.
Slaying foes
Both real and in-between.
To resume their quiet limbo peace.
Performing for themselves
In a dead sleep.

3
A dead sleep flashes through the alleys
Capturing those who fall
In traps they built themselves
And cornering their fate
To the wall.
Remembering not at all
What they choose to keep forgotten.
Except the forgetfulness
That keeps them moving
And brands their minds to remember.

4
Passing empty houses.
To corners filled with chalk
And quiet spoken dragons
Breathe their fire in the air.
And crucified by nails of iron.
To die on crosses every day.
The good word passes spoken --
And is forgotten
Not by any.

Peter Novick

5
Awaken yet to be asleep
And touch no one but you.
And cages left behind unlocked
Afford a mirrored view.
Of palaces beneath the dirt
And sailboats jammed in mud.
And wedding gowns of purest white
Woven from the coal and blood.

6
Closing eyes and painless hearts
Lie still inside their owner.
And people kill their brother's wives
To kiss their chosen saviour.
And build the castle lying deep
In dried-out sands of ruby red.
And passing to a deeper sleep.
That dead sleep
Just near the end

7
Frozen claws inside my soul
Pull my body across.
The valleys where a-hundred Christs
Are carrying their cross
And crucify themselves with nails
A hundred times a day.
And would not venture other lands.
But live imprisoned in their way.

9
Dead sleep kissing both my eyes.
Lips that bear a bloodied thorn.
Dead sleep stopping all the trains
That transport bodies to the port.
And no one wakes or stirs a breath.
To rise up from their dead sleep
Except by grace of loving death.

9
Locomotives pulling slowly
Dead sleep riders hushing disturbers
As the fireman shovels corpses
To feed the hungry fire.
The conductor calls out stations
That kidnap crying boarders
Never to release them.
Or disturb the dead sleep order.

# KEN WEAVER

LK: We're sitting here in the spacious living room with the star of stage and street, Ken Weaver. First of all, Ken, I can't help but ask you, who is responsible for your interior decorating?

KW: Betsy Klein. And Rondo Hatton.

LK: Do you think that after your initial charisma with the present generation has worn off you'll try to change your style to fit the new generation or sort of grow up with the present group?

KW: No, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to go back and live in 1955. I'm going to get a pink and black Ford Crown Victoria, and I'm going to get some pink and black pants, a quarter-inch wide fuckin belt, pants with a belt on the back, white socks, a bunch of white socks, man, a whole warehouse full of white socks, and then I'm going to get drunk on Thunderbird wine.

LK: There have been some rumors that there is something between you and Sonia Henie. Is there any truth to this?

KW: Well, we at one time did get something straight between us. Actually, the first time I ever had a spermatic ejaculation, it wasn't Sonia Henie. It was Dale Evans. I was watching -- I'm not kidding you, this is true -- I was jacking off one time, it was Saturday, I was sitting on this vinyl-covered couch in Texas, right, with a TV tray in front of me and a big bowl of Cheerios on it. I'm eating these Cheerios with my left hand, right, so I can swing with my right hand, watching Roy Rogers television show, right -- "Happy trails to you until we meet again. Well, straight shooters. . . ." Roy, I think Bullet's trying to tell us something. Boy, I'd like to see a statue of Dale Evans, man. She's standing there and that fuckin German Shepherd is hunching her leg, right, and she says, pointing down to him, "Roy, I think Bullet is trying to tell us something."

LK: Who do you consider the most important influence on your career?

KW: I really, once again, would have to go back to Rondo Hatton. I just wish he were alive now. He'd be so proud.

LK: When did you first realize that you wanted a career as a rock and roll star?

KW: When I was six. One day it was cold in 1946 and I said, "Boy, man, since it's so fucking cold, I'd better get me a career in rock and roll. No, I've never made that decision, as a matter of fact.

LK: Is it true that you've always been a secret admirer of Rudy Valee?

KW: I saw Rudy Valee in person once in El Campo, Texas. I didn't know who the fuck he was at the time. You know. I was talking to somebody from the Mothers the other day, Billy Monday -- he's with Rhinoceros now -- and he said he was talking to a chick who was 15 or 16 years old and she didn't know who James Dean was. Do you know what that means? We're old! We're old! What? Who's James Dean? You bitch, you just made me old. God Damn, man... Who's Paul McCartney? Wow! Right? Someday there'll be people that don't know, right? God damn, I don't want to be old! I don't want to be a grown up! I'm twelve, I'm twelve! Sometimes when I wake up with a hangover I'm 82. But most of the time I'm 12. I never want to get any older than that. I never want to be a teenager. I just want to be 12 in sixth grade. People used to say about teenagers, "Oh, God, I'd sure like to be their age and know what I know now." Cause the kids know more, man. That old bullshit about grown-ups being superior and all -- bull shiit. And they see through it, man where we didn't.

LK: After such a long and distinguished career as yours, how do you keep your figure trim?

KW: I shoot speed in my eyelids. I've got the thinnest eyelids in town. I shoot speed and I can walk on them, man. I can do chin-ups on my eyelids. No, I don't know, man. I know, I keep my figure down because I'm armored, man. I've got Reichian armor. Like, if I really stood naturally... right... (Assumes he-man pose) "Where's the girls on this beach? Don't see a lot of cunt around. Not much pussy around. No chicks here?" (Looks around and lets belly stick out again) Armoring, man. Live in a tough neighborhood, you gotta be tough. You gotta be armored. I'm afraid! Fear keeps my figure down.

LK: What kind of deodorant do you use? I'm sure our fans will be interested.

KW: I let my pheromones take care of that. A pheromone is your funk gland. Animals are always sniffing dicks and assholes cause that's where their pheromones are located right around the sphincter muscles, so they shit and these ducts put this juice on their shit, and other rabbits can tell how old the rabbit was that crapped that out. And ants have it on their mandibles. Have you eaten peanuts and chewed gum at the same time? It really fucks up the gum. But bubble gum and bananas is great. And popcorn and dill pickles.

LK: After the crowds are gone and you are alone, what do you do for amusement?

KW: I pull it.

LK: What advice do you have for your many admirers.

KW: Keep it up. Fuck everything in sight before you're eighteen, guys, because after that you ain't, the only snatch you'll get is when you fill in the blank. Give em the old wedding ring. No, man, shit, I need some advice from them, man. The fucking kids are all hipper than me, or they're going to be. That's why I'm leaving town. I'm afraid of them, oh God. I'm beset on all sides.

LK: Who was your favorite high school teacher?

KW: None of them. I hated every fucking one of them. For putting me through that shit. Man, the only thing I got an F on in high school was conduct. I got a big red fucking F. I was just a wise-assed mother fucker. I hated those fucking bastards. I hated every minute of it. I was on the student council too for two years.

LK: People are always saying that a successful person like yourself must have had a wonderful childhood. Could you tell us what was the happiest moment of your childhood?

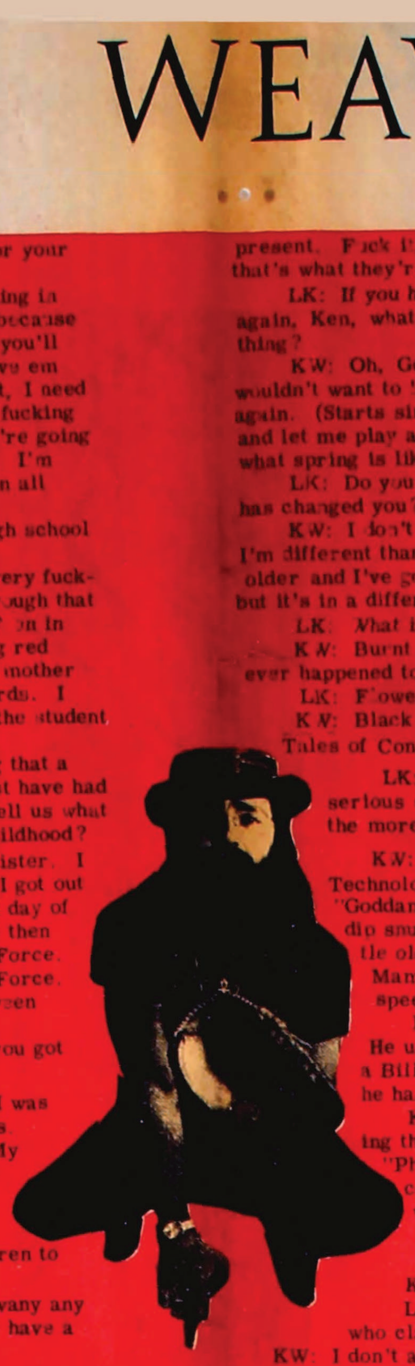
KW: The day the pigs ate my sister. I laughed, I thought I'd die. The day I got out of high school. That is the happiest day of my fucking life. I was even happier then than I was when I got out of the Air Force. I don't know, maybe it was the Air Force. I don't know. It's a close race between those two.

LK: When was the first time you got laid?

KW: The first time I got laid I was 11. I got some before the other guys. Beat em to it, man. I did, man. My babysitter. I fucked my babysitter. Wow, big old tall Czecholslovakian chick.

LK: Would you want your children to follow you in a career like this?

KW: Gee, well, I don't even wany any children, man. I don't. I'd rather have a raccoon than a child.



LK: WHAT KIND OF JOB DO YOU THINK NIXON WILL DO?

KW:

LK: Do you prefer boys or girls under sixteen?

KW: A woman is find, but a melon's divine. I fucked a watermelon, man. There was this farmer outside of El Campo who had a watermelon patch. He had a sign up in his watermelon patch saying "One of these watermelons is poisoned." Fuck it, man, what were the odds of getting the poisoned one even if he did it, right. You have to have a license to poison people. So we used to eat the watermelons. And I used to go in there and fuck em right about sunset. There were warm from sitting out in the sun all day. I used to cut a hunk and take a stick and poke around in the hole until it was nice and gushy, and then I'd fuck it man. It was nice and round and warm.

LK: Did you leave it on the vine?

KW: Right. And then I put the plug back, and then eat the watermelon. Then after that the farmer took his poison sign down and put up one that said "One of these watermelons has clap." It never happened but it's a good story.

LK: Some people have alleged that the song Marijuana on the latest Fugs album has inclinations and even references to an evil drug of the same name. Would you care to comment?

KW: A benevolent drug of the same name, yah. We're talking about smoking dope and it's good for you. What you are smoking right now. Get high on the fumes. Lighter fluid. I used to do that, man. Red wine and lighter fluid. Thunderbird and No-Doze. Me and Brook Broadway used to get smashed on that shit.

LK: What would you consider your single greatest achievement?

KW: I don't know, man. Staying alive for 28 years. Over 28. Probably. That's it. You figure the odds against living are pretty high are too good. Everybody's death rate is the same, though. One life, one death. You only get one of each. I decided the other day I'm never going to vote anymore, man. Cause you can only vote for hypocrites.

LK: You have to spend a long time practising just now to plain acquire power, man, with no other motive. If you spend your life trying to acquire power, then you must be sort of fucked up here, man.

KW: They're power addicts, that's what they are. But roughs knows those motherfuckers, man. He's been knowing where they're at for centuries. I don't think he looks like he's from St. Louis. He invisible, that's all. He know's exactly what to look like to be invisible. He's excited about coming back to New York. He's a Karate expert, too. They found him wrestling around on the roof of some building in London with some young boy. I don't know, some choir boy. Mail him a choir boy for Christmas. Unwrap your present. Fuck it, man, if he likes choir boys that's what they're for.

LK: If you had your life to live over again, Ken, what would you change, if anything?

KW: Oh, God, I'd change my planet. I wouldn't want to live on this son-of-a-bitch again. (Starts singing) "Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars. Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars."

LK: Do you think your sudden success has changed you?

KW: I don't know. I wasn't looking. I'm different than I was in 1961, right. I'm older and I've got less hair. I've got more but it's in a different place.

LK: What is your favorite color?

KW: Burnt Sienna. That's the best thing ever happened to Crayolas.

LK: Flower?

KW: Black lotus as mentioned in The Tales of Conan the Cimmerian.

LK: Could you recommend a serious school of onanism to any of the more curious university students?

KW: Sam Houston Institute of Technology get it? Yuk, yuk, yuk. "Goddamn, that makes my ass want to dip snuff." What? What? What little old grannie lady thought that up? Mammy Yokum or something. Some speed freak dike. Al Capp is sick.

LK: He's sick in Argentina. He used to be a liberal. Now he's a Bill Buckley fan. I think maybe he hasn't been getting any.

KW: When he did the big fucking thing about Joan Baez, man, "Phony Joany", she's no sacred cow or anything, but his attack was just crude, man.

LK: Whom do you most admire in the world?

KW: Who's the oldest?

LK: There's a man in Tashkent who claims to be 147.

KW: I don't admire anyone in Tashkent.

LK: You don't like the Tashkentians?

KW: I'm an anti-Tashkentian. I don't know. Ever since the day this guy from Tashkent came up and squirted chicken shit at me from between his teeth.... I had my glasses on, you understand.

LK: Outside of your mom, whom do you consider is the most alluring female in the world?

KW: Monique Van Cleef. No. I don't know, man. The Virgin Mary. No, actually, man, the most alluring female in the world is Queen Elizabeth. I'd like to fuck her in the ass. Except I wouldn't want to dirty my dick on her. What a piece of shit she is. The Queen indeed. Fucking antique.

LK: I hear she's a palace queen.

KW: She's probably sucked off the Coldstream Guards so many times, man. They lose forty pounds a week through the heads of their dicks.

LK: Does El Campo really exist, or are you just putting us on?

KW: Sometimes I wonder. Memory and dreams are intermixed in this mad universe. I think Jack Kerouac once said that.

LK: Is Ken Weaver your real name, or are you really Cardinal Richelieu?

KW: I Judge Crater, motherfucker.

LK: This next section has questions like out of Sixteen Magazine.

KW: Sixteen Magazine ought to be took out on the street and shot down like a dog. Is it one of those fab gear mod mother fucker things? An interview with head mother Frank Zappa. Zappa's great, man.

LK: Dino, of Dino, Desi and Bill....

KW: Oh, yeah, God, take em out and shoot em in the streets like Sacco and Vanzetti who got it on my birthday. August 23. Leon Trotsky got it on August 21, Gary Elton's birthday.

LK: What kind of clothes do you like to wear, Ken?

KW: Boots, levis, and t-shirts. And braces.... I like to wear fab mod gear. Imagine what I'd look like in a goddamn Nehru thing, you know, mod fab, with one of those Johnny Carson anodized aluminum medallions they wear around their necks. It looks like one of those things around the doorknob with the doorknob in the middle of the door. In suburbia. One of those big sunburst clocks or something around my neck. With a big anchor chain, right. You know what I'd like to do, man? Did I tell you about the Van der Graaf electrostatic generator? There's a big sphere on the top and a column and what they do is produce an electric arc. I'd like to get two of them and stand between them. I've talked to electricians about them because I don't want to get fried, but it would look so fantastic to let the arc jump off the end of your fingers.

LK: I remember a revivalist who was coming through our area. It was at some Bible grounds camp meeting, and he had this big meeting, you know, there were over 350 people there. I was sitting in the frong row and he had a generator that generated over a million volts off the regular telephone line, but it had no amperage. And he says, "All the people sitting in the first four rows will have over a million volts pass through their bodies." And I was sitting in the first row, wow. He'd go bzzz bzzz and sparks would connect between his fingers. And he got one guy he asked to come up on stage. "Sir, take off your shoes because of the metal eyelets in your shoes and all objects out of your pockets."

KW: Take the rings off your toes.

LK: And he put a fluorescent bulb in in one of the man's hands and the bulb lit up. All these sparks flying all over the place.

KW: God is dead, God is dead.

LK: He was some kind of Mafia wire tapper before he came to God, right. And then he'd say, "That just shows you God's energy, folks." And then he'd start the sermon.

KW: Give me those gas stoves. Go electric. Go God. Let's keep the God in electricity.

LK: One question many readers ask, how big is your dick?

KW: Maximum length once recorded in 1965 was 7 1/4 inches. Minimum length, that's when I'm on speed, it sometimes draws up to my knees. NO actually it looks like a miniature concertina, that you'd get in a gumball machine that goes eeee.

LK: What sports do you enjoy?

KW: I like to take a lot of narcotics and watch baseball games. Football, NFL football. That's the best. And I like demolition derbies. Dig it, man, I saw a thing the other day on television where they had this fucking contest and the way it works is these cars go along and there's a ramp, right, for the two left wheels or the right two wheels, take your choice. And they see who can go around this racetrack on two wheels. And the cars are just driving around like that. That's what I like about America. Evil Kneevle went across the goddamn Grand Canyon on a motorcycle in the air. That's to me where America is. Crumbling and dying Rome. I don't give a shit, man, it's partyville. Partyland. Make believe.

LK: Is it true that you turned down Jackie Kennedy and she picked Aristotle Onassis on the rebound?

KW: I turned down Lord Harlech. And Jackie Kennedy turned me down. And Lord Harlech turned down Aristotle Onassis, who has a severe case of hemorrhoids from sitting on a cold Stonehenge pylon for three days. I went to see Stonehenge and brought Betsy back some moss. Groovy fucking magic, right. Stonehenge moss, man, smoke that shit! Get high for a millenium!

LK: What are your hobbies?

KW: Playing darts. I don't know, man. Humm Reading. Jacking off, reading. Fantasizing. Close your eyes and fantasize. Reading this poster here by Michel McClure. Greatest goddamn poster in the whole world. I found it in the Village tacked up on some boardings... How'd you like to have the tapes of the Moors murders? That man and woman in England took a bunch of kids and tortured them to death and recorded it. "Just released. A new LP." It mus. be incredible to hear someone tortured to death. You'd probably vomit. They'd make a trillion dollars. Boy, would it sell. It would just blow the whole world's minds. People would take sneak listens. Like they used to sneakily read Peyton Place and say they never read it. But they knew all about it. "How come you know what's on page 197?" The kids watching the guy eat the pregnant woman.

LK: What do you like most about Adolph Hitler?

KW: He had a lot of chuspah. He never happened, man. That didn't happen. Six million what? All those photographs were touched up. Air brushed or something. They did it with mirrors.

LK: Who has been your best fuck?

KW: The afore-mentioned watermelon.

KW: We used to all look like those. We all had gills. Gills and tails. Unlike the archaeopteryx. That must have been a great thing, man, to be an archaeopteryx. One day there was lizards, right. There was no birds or nothing, just lizards. Everybody woke up the next day and there was this new guy. He could fly! Look at that! He couldn't really fly. He would climb up a tree and glide down like a flying squirrel. Then later on he got hip to flapping. Then his scales separated instead of being sheeny. I didn't mean that. I didn't mean to offend any Jews. Shiny. Look at a bird, man. They're a lizard. Look at their feet. Lizard feet, talons.

LK: Has your insistence on being clean-cut harmed your career?

KW: It makes it hard for me to buy drugs. It makes it easy for me to go through customs. It only usually takes me three fucking hours. It's incredible, man. I mean, if someone like me goes through customs they look through everything I've got. Everytime I go through I say, "I've got a suitcase full of heroin. I figured I could get through because I'm so inconspicuous. You didn't even notice me, did you?" Ha ha. I've got hair down to the fucking middle of my back, I've got a beard, and a funny hat on. That's a great American escape,

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